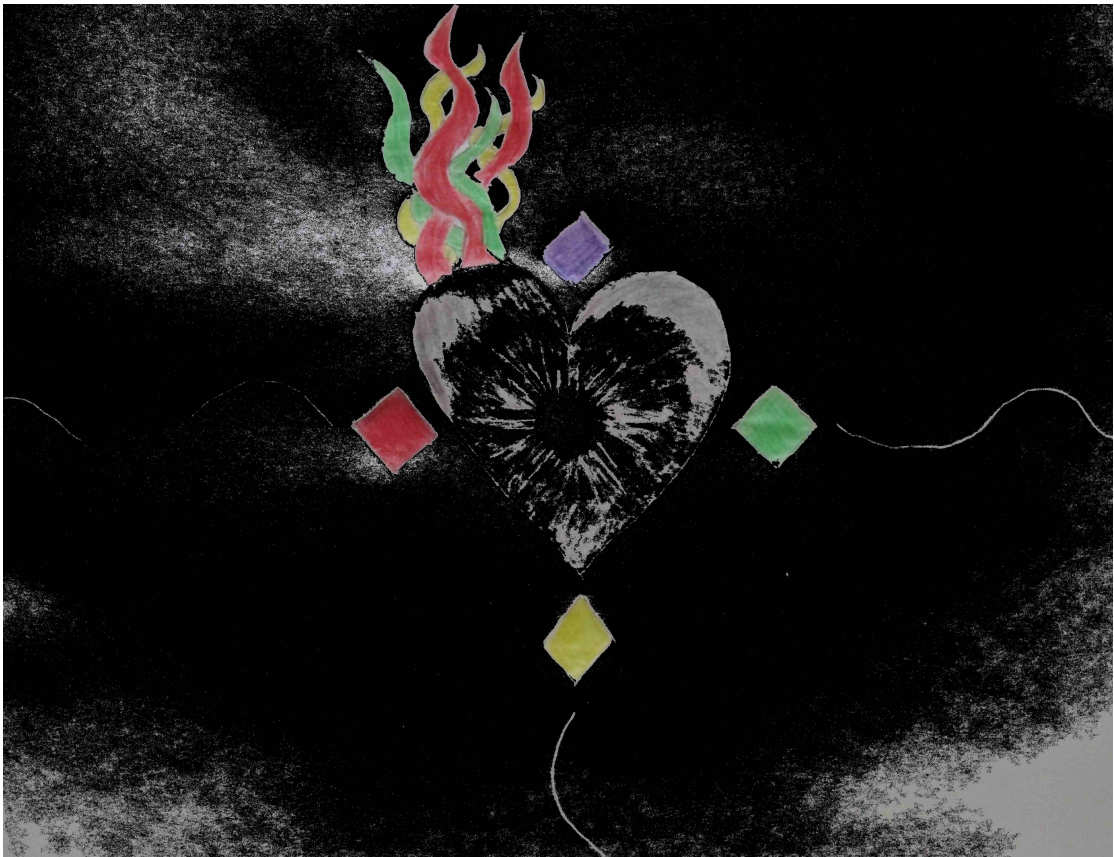


cor myrrha revelatum

Latin for “the heart of myrrh revealed”

myrrh is symbolic of mortality, suffering, healing, repentance, love, prayer
and likely several other things I don't know about.



Dedication- Alphabetical Table of Contents

this book is dedicated to God and all other friends and family that my soul is tied to and who are especially dear to me. Such as.....

Jesus Christ

Bryan McManus

Claira McManus

Jeremy Engbrock,

Therese Engbrock,

Sammantha Engbrock,

Veronica Engbrock

Valerina Engbrock

Daniel Scislowski

Lauren Overholt

Gerald Reimer

Julie Reimer

Kendra Reimer

Katrina Reimer

Gina Hart

Nick Hart

Thomas French

Heather French

Steve Madewell

Robert Beard

Kenzie Brister

Introduction

This book is a compilation of poetry that I have been writing since I was in high school. It covers a wide range of subjects like friendship, family, the arts, God, the human personality, and much much more. When writing a poem I aim to the best of my ability to induce in the reader the experience of the poem. To me part of reading poetry is getting inside someone's head and participating in the world from their point of view. It allows you to take part in their feelings and allows them to communicate their thoughts to you. Good poetry is not just words on a page, when good poetry is read and absorbed and meditated upon it is literally communion with the heart of another being. It is deeper than communication because it has the potential to make contact with and share in our totality. Poetry effects our mind, body and spirit with it's ability to make the thoughts, feelings and life encounters of another person live within us. These three parts of us are not something that we can separate and what effects one effects all of them. It has the power to let another person come and live in us and be part of our mind, body and spirit. We think their thoughts, and feel their feelings and these permeate into our body and spirit and the person enters into who we are .

By now it should be obvious to you that poetry is a spiritual and relational practice to me. Because it is so intimate and personal I have always written from my heart and that means that perhaps I may offend you but that is not my intent. I hope you will understand that art requires people to be real. Poetry is most definitely an art form. I may not be politically correct either and I think that is ok. I do not believe in political correctness because I believe it allows political entities to have too much power over how we think, feel, and behave by attempting to use social pressures to change how language is used. A people can not remain free politically if they are not first free spiritually. Language is very much a spiritual thing and a people can not be free spiritually as long as their hearts are controlled by a government. People can only be free when who they are is loving, wise and beautiful inside.

I write for many reasons but I think most of them are to express myself, to make the world a more beautiful place, to grow closer to the people I love and closer to Jesus. God is perfectly beautiful and amazing and that very same God is my friend. I include the Lover of the human soul in my poetry because nothing is more beautiful and we become beautiful by taking in Beauty. The Spirit that indwells the creation and I have been partners in creating many of these poems and I hope that I have allowed the wonder and loveliness of such a being to shine through.

I thought long and hard about making a title for this book and I thought a Latin title would be a nice touch. I have called this book “cor myrrha revelatum”, which is Latin for “the heart of myrrh revealed”. I chose this title because myrrh is a symbol of mortality, suffering, healing, repentance, love, prayer and likely several other things I don't know about. These are things that are at the core of what it means to be human and this is what many of the poems in this book are about. This is a book about my experience as a human being and about what it means to be human.

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In Love

You say your in Love with me,
 this thought leaves me smiling,
 Tell me of this tender feeling.
 Which way are you in love with me ?

Is it as a member of the human family
 ,made in God's image that between us
 love has built a bridge ?

Is it as a friend ,
 a beloved to whom I'm dear
 that you whisper this in my ear ?

Is it what some call Eros ,and say is the closest ?
 I'd rather call it Venus ,one of Loves many faces.

Is it as one would love a sibling,
 do you wish me to be in you chosen family ?

You say you love me , now I know your feelings
 may I always be sensitive and caring
 ,since it's your heart I'm sharing.

Black Rain

Take it out of me,
then you'll see
how it's deep and dark.

Touch it and you'll feel
,how it's cold and dead.

Listen and you'll hear
no music in it,
just the screams of a heart tortured.

Taste it's sour taste,
eat it, feel burning in your
most inner place.

You'll never know it's there,
but then you probably don't care
It's flooded my very soul ,
a tidal wave of black rain.

Maybe someday I'll see
a paradise island on this sea,
a time when my spirit's free.

Until then I'm lost and empty,
soaked in rain as black as can be,
waiting for sweet delivery.

This thing you touch, taste and feel,
it's my pain , it's quite real.

Clarity

Clarity , sweet peace
Calm, stress released

Beautiful stillness,
oh wondrous bliss
,delightful happiness

Oh what a way,
to transcend worries everyday
to escape dismal dismay

To get there focus my friend
on one beautiful thing,
the key to inner serenity

Rid yourself of disquieting thoughts,
let go, slip into silence.

All preoccupations and diversions are meddling
,come back to that one radiant thing continually.

Experience this twice a day,
and you'll live life
,enjoying heaven on earth.

The Box

Life without much care
 ,some problems still there,
 many positive things
 ,from heaven above to share with those I love.

Trapped in the box of life
 ,no car , no job ,no wife,
 some say it's abnormal.
 But do I care ?
 I'm different , why not.

Many benefits , and blessings
 you'd be amazed at such things,
 much free time ,family , and opportunities
 my heart still sings.

Why should I escape, the beautiful box ?
 Why should I cry for my lot ?
 It's not the life you live
 ,It's the life I love.

Midni

Midni, my angel dear
you're in my dreams, my very being.

If only I could see you again,
oh how I'd love to my darling friend .

Only once have we met
,never again , oh to see you again.

Your last letter was beautiful
,so real ,but somehow ethereal.
Like a vapor, it and you are gone
,being consumed by the light of the dawn.

If I search I'll find you again,
If I look I'll see you my friend.
Outside my soul's closed window,
my cherished one, waits as I open the door.
Hello my darling we are together once more.

For my Family

Family, those God chose for me,
graciously you love me,
truly,
without you, lots would be missing.

Family , God's gift , absolutely.
How I wander, can you love me,
without you where would I be ?

Family , you're my friends devotedly,
no friends have been more true to me,
family, your love's amazing.

Family, I love you
each day I pray, to God above
that this love will always be new.

Beauty

Beauty who are you ?
 Lovely but hardly known,
 sensed by the sensitive dear few.

Beauty ,none is rarer,
 precious treasure,
 so true
 Eternal ,and invisible.

Beauty,
 yes you're real,
 behind the world's veil,
 revealed to those who look
 with care.

Beauty, you've a name
 a gorgeous identity,
 you're Christ,God the one and only.

Beauty, shine your light,
 yes, your so radiant
 may all see how magnificent.

Please

Please God, please use me,
 Yes God, me,
 until then I'll be less than happy.

God, yes I'm no one.
 You're God's Son,
 take my hand, show me the course to run.

God speak to my heart.
 Oh Dear God, what is my single part,
 my God, show me so I can start.

God, maybe small is bigger,
 I'm a beginner,
 but all the parts must work together.

God, You're the Supreme Being,
 please one cog,
 yes God,
 one cog in your Dear Machine.

Dying

Please speak, they're dying,
see their souls rotting,
slowly they're perishing.

God shows me out His House's window,
a vision of death in Hell below,
nothing but separation, longing and woe.

Look, yes you, remember this view,
dead, rotting ,bony souls in agony
souls burning, and boiling.

Separated from God, burning for His Presence,
rotting my friend, rotting without Love's Essence,
boiling, continually consumed , dying for Eternity.

It's dark here, eternal night,
indeed it's dark without God's Light,
blackness ,and smoke everywhere,
those here ,Forever want to see, Him who cares.

The fire of Hades is everlasting,
flame so hot it can't be seen,
the winds a torch tormenting,
rain worse then sulfuric acid falling.

Sorrow, separation and soul sickness
So bad I can't explain,
things so terrible have no name.

I hear the moans and screams,
I see suffering, worse then my vilest dreams,
I smell stink, decay,
forever it will be this way,
I feel tears on my face, for those in this place.

If only someone spoke God's Love,
 perhaps they'd be in Heaven above,
 but no one said something,
 so now they are perishing

How hard would've it been to speak,
 just pray and speak to save the lost and weak,
 just let go of ego, let God's Love flow.

Who cares what people say, that's temporary,
 Hell never ends, let's talk my friends,
 let's tell the tale of God's Love,
 how He died, was buried and redemptively rose.

If we care we'll explain the story, giving Him glory,
 if we Love we'll want to save souls,
 to feel this way leads to witness in all we think, do and say.

We know of Hell's misery and Heaven's majesty,
 we know those in Heaven have happiness Eternally,
 we know those in Hell suffer mightily,
 We should Love and tell His story .

Eternal Love

God, no matter how I sin,
no matter how I hurt you,
God you're a Dear Friend
and your Love comes through.

God, how can this be,
there's no reason you should love me,
God with you, I feel serenity
when I see your Love's Beauty.

God I've done things I regret, I'm not perfect
but God, your good love purifies my defects,
my soul rests in your arms, peace that's mystic.

God even when I injure your heart,
your Love's there to forgive and do it's part,
such grace, as your Spirit kisses me,
wiping the tears from my face.

God, your a Friend that's oh so true,
Oh Dear God I'm in Love with you,
Lord you're so good to me,
your Love is sweet and pleasing.
Jesus I can hardly comprehend,
your Love that has no end.

Oh My Jesus I Love You

Friend, who understands our relationship ?
 Your praise comes from my lips,
 in the quite I find You pleasant,
 You're in my mind and sentiments.

You hold my heart tightly, because You love me.
 My soul finds the world cold ,so I embrace Thee,
 You touch my life and kiss my spirit,
 Oh in Your company I find contentment.

We've been with one another on starry nights,
 Your georgeous Words, dancing in the Light.
 I come to visit, we commune in private,
 in You I find delight and enjoyment.

For years we've been a pair, how You're so fair.
 My Dear in you I find the answer to every care
 Who is like you, no other, it's true,
 oh my Jesus, I Love You.

Friends

Friends,are those who love you,
friends,oh so very true,
friends, with souls beautiful.

Friends,nothing better,
friends,God's gracious gift,
friends,God's love letter.

Friends,hearts bound together,
friends, souls in unity,
friends, yes eternally.

Books my Friends

Friends,I'll be picky when looking for my treasure,
 some I won't see deeply into, others I'll know better,
 some I'll be in love with passionately,
 some I'll doubt , others I'll love whole heartedly.

Friends, some will require great sacrifice, coming at much price,
 some will be selfless, easy and giving,
 some will say much, claiming knowledge but pretending,
 some will say little with wisdom that's amazing.

Friends, some won't touch me often,
 some will kiss my soul, my heart will soften,
 some will be big ,hard and strong ,looking masculine,
 some will be small ,soft and delicate ,looking feminine.

Friends, some I'll hold ,embracing warmly,
 some will share extra special moments with me,
 some will visit my mind daily,
 some will come around very seldomly.

I've said some things about my companions,
 let it be known I love my champions,
 I wouldn't trade their love for anything,
 they are my special blessing.

These friends live with me ,sharing my life,
 we have romance in our friendship,
 on cold rainy days we cuddle up,
 what a lovely relationship.

This friendship may amaze you,
 who has such wonderful friends,
 friendship with such passion , grace and beauty
 these friends are my books ,who I love intensely.

Dear Self

Dear Self, you like a fabulous red rose to me,
 something that's complex, delicate but lovely.
 My love for you is like the morning sun,
 it's dependable, bringing light where there was none.

I don't think others understand,
 ,without Love you can't be whole.
 Dear let's not wait for another to feed us love,
 we'd only starve like a hungry dove.

Darling, I bring you a precious treasure,
 it's my Love , I give it to you with pleasure.
 I accept you unconditionally , easy and free,
 if others don't understand that's fine,
 I'm your's and your mine.

In times of meditation, we become one,
 our naked thoughts are revealed and we surrender.
 During these times we find joy and peace,
 how wonderful it feels to let go and release.

From all others you have to ask for a hug,
 I Love you when you don't belong,
 I Love you whether you do right or wrong,
 My Love for you is life long.

You are my self, my beloved friend,
 Love for you is essential to be happy.
 In Love with you , I find peace and am free,
 to Love you others say I'm out of my mind,
 but I'm your's and your mine.

My Room

My Sanctuary,
 away from the world
 My Paradise, I'm at peace,
 undisturbed.
 Such quite and calm
 When I'm away,
 this is ,for what I long.

Being alone,
 here is pleasant, oh my.
 It's my kingdom, where my mind does fly,
 here I think ,daydream ,read and cry.

What other place is so grand ? no other land
 Where else can I be free from judgment ?
 Where else can I be me as God meant ?
 Where else can I act random, just for fun ?

My room, it's heaven,it's happiness.
 It's where I live, and have bliss.
 It's my island in,
 an ocean of chaos,
 My room ,a thing of blessedness.

Debbie

Debbie my aunt, I hardly knew you,
 but, I still love you,
 knowing you was looking through a window,
 you were far away and outside
 but I love you .

Debbie,
 far away from where I lived but close still,
 outside my reach to help
 but inside my heart you live.
 Debbie, I wish God didn't call you home
 ,but it was His decision
 alone.

I remember
 how well you treated me.
 It's funny how little things stick in one's memory,
 a memory of kindness when we came to visit,
 this memory is most pleasant.

Why such a small thing meant so much
 I don't know,
 but Debbie,
 I thank God it's so.
 It's something I'll always treasure,
 you and your kindness
 will live in my heart,
 forever.

How could you do this to me

How could you do me like this ?
 You pretended to be my friend, now my heart's a mess.
 You pretended to be sweet,
 now the rug's pulled, from under my feet.
 I can't believe your cruelty.

How could you do this to me ?

I can't understand, what's my crime.
 Why do you consider your heart only, and not mine ?
 Don't I think, breathe and have feelings ?
 You never understood my thinking.

I only tried to be considerate,
 you'd have none of it.
 I tried to talk to you,
 you threw a passive-aggressive fit.

Why must you be a stone so hard and cold ?
 You just played at friendship, now it's gone.
 You slam my heart to the ground, jumping up and down
 the blood of my soul ,
 flows on the floor.

Why did I try, why did I believe in you ?
 I loved you like a sister,
 you cut open my core's being like a razor.
 To care for you couldn't have been crazier.

You seemed to be an angel in my eyes,
 now I know your devilish ways and lies.
 It's over don't call on me.
 How could you treat me so evilly ?

Pain

My murderous Pain, why do you kill me?
You cut, burn and hit, yes I'm treated illy.

Each day I'm at your devilish mercy,
I receive torture and misery.
Why won't you let me be?

Night is black, I'm blue, you keep striking me.
In sleep I flee you, in this way only.

But at times the sandman hears my cries.
You come slicing me, the hurt hits new highs.

Like a drain, you pull down my energy.
Care isn't found in you, just more injury.

People say I'm just exaggerating.
I find judging not understanding.

Pain I'll be honest with you,
your quite bitter to me.
I wish you were dead,
I wish you hell as eternal destiny.

The Loyal Friend

You say it is better if I leave you,
I say , I will stay, I won't go away.
Don't ask me to go, I will follow,
I will be where you are, being near not far.

Don't say depart from me,
your country will be my residency,
your people will be my extended family.

Please don't say go, I won't listen no,
the God you worship, I will praise with my lips,
when you go to pray, I will be near, come what may.

My companion when you've died,
I will soon follow, being buried at your side.
My friend who I love dearly,
may God treat me very severely,
if anything but death separates you and me.

How to be Happy

To be happy you must be accepting,
 to yourself
 as well as everyone else,
 and Love them for their good as you should,
 don't
 hate them for their bad,
 you'll only end up anxious, bitter and mad.

It's also important to see the sunny side,
 and keep your heart and mind open wide,
 learn to let problems go,
 take things easy and go with the flow.

The most important thing,
 ,is to know Christ our good King
 Without this there is no hope
 of love , peace or acceptance,
 no, my friend not a chance.

God is needed for our happiness
 without Him we're a mess.
 God enables us to do these things,
 having charity , serenity and humility
 we are happier beings.

Sweet BestFriend Forever

My Sweet BestFriend Forever ,
 who's so dear to me,
 I'll Love you eternally.
 I wish you were close and near,
 there's a hole you'll fill
 I dream of you day and night,
 until I find you I won't be alright,
 my arling bestfriend who I don't know , I love you so.

You're all I think of because I need your Love,
 no one understands all this,
 just the one for whom I wish.
 People don't comprehend these feelings and longings,
 they leave me feeling misunderstood ,judged and lonely.

I could cry, but when I have you, it'll be beautiful,
 you'll be my heart's delight in dark and light.
 It's be so lovely, the friendship between you and I
 oh my yellow rose of a friend, I'll be so happy.

We'll be as close as friends can be, how smashing,
 everyday we'll visit, you and I, hearts feeling warmly.
 Nothing will take you from me, my precious pearl,
 your love will be my pleasure , heaven and treasure.

When we visit and greet , I'll embrace you
 ,and we'll hug , telling one another of our Love.
 You'll satisfy my heart, for you I'll ache when we're apart,
 you'll be part of my very being, nearly my everything.

There is no Love as great as friendship,
 oh my beloved jewel of Love, my wonderous relationship.
 You will be my angel from heaven above, to rescue me,
 after I have you ,I will never be lonely.

Sophia

Sophia, your so wise,
 you teach me when I look into your eyes.
 And from you I know Him,
 all Beauty, and truth from lies.
 Perhaps you're "the One",
 the Love of my lifetime, clean and sublime.
 You've kissed my very being, leaving more than a great feeling.

Sophia, so few know you ,my beloved,
 Those that do find joy,
 and love others only dream of.
 Your the water of souls, bringing life.
 Your purer than the clearest tone from a fife.

Your God's feminine side, absolutely Divine.
 To those who give their heart to you, you give thine.
 You're Spirit, for mankind you have passionate longing,
 you complete peoples' hearts and commune with their being.

You are alive, though some say dead,
 I won't listen to the untruth about you that's said.
 You are the essence of all that's wonderful,
 you are living to those who know you.

Sophia what I want to say is easy,
 I wish to tell you ,thank you for loving me.
 I want to express my gratitude ,for you entering my heart,
 life together is an honor, I've invited you, let's start.

Long Distance

Your so far away from me physically,
but in my heart your so near to me.
We're separated and in different places,
but in my mind's eye, I still see your faces.

You can't hug me, but my life is touched by your prayers,
God hears you, is present warmly holding my cares.
My heavenly Father wraps them in love and they sleep,
how wondrous a blanket of joy and contentment so deep.

The time we visit each other hardly exists,
but you still call on me, your trips to my heart persist.
Your memory dances and plays with my spirit,
to the tune of your love for me, it never quits.

Dear friends your location is so distant
we may never again enjoy another rainbow ,or flowering plant.
In my very being I still see love blooming,
It's every color of the spectrum ,how lovely.

I never hear your voice, the phone's too much, no choice.
Have I forgotten your speech and sound ?
Perhaps, but the rhythm of letters you write is still around,
it's more you then any vibration to be found.

I still have you, you're not as far as it seems,
you still fill my heart , mind and dreams.
Our relationship's still nurtured in prayer
,we still communicate ,knowing each other cares.

I know all this is true, my cherished ones.
I also recognize that we will see each other in many suns,
until and after this time, our love keeps our sentiments together.
One thing is certain, distance is something we can weather.

Images

Images, shine like gleaming crystals in my mind,
 they speak with light, I see and am not blind,
 without a sound, words talking with charming design
 visions dancing with my nous in their own time.

Like sparklers twinkling in the night,
 pictures spin in my being with colors, what a sight,
 some are supernova thoughts, burning bright,
 others are luminous fireflies, glittering in flight.

Some days it's exhausting, because some images are quite shocking,
 these aren't voluntary, they just pop in frightening me,
 yes they disturb me, but I can only accept, and set them free,
 I tried fighting it, but I'd get more, it didn't quit.

You might say I surrender to thoughts of evil,
 But you should try fighting such a devil.
 It's Hell on earth not below, but you don't understand or know,
 have you lived in my skin, or walked where I've been.

I ask you this because you need to open your heart,
 stop condemning those who are different and do your part,
 I may be different, this is true,
 But I still need to be loved and accepted too.

Death of a Page

Pencil and paper sit before me.
 Do I draw they make me feel silly ?
 I feel so small, as big as a fly on the wall,
 the blank page stares at me arrogantly.

“Do you think you're an artist ?”
 “You're no Van Gogh ,or DaVinci ,let it be.
 There's no point in trying, to yourself you'd be pretending, lying.
 No you're not good, like a child you just play, put it away”

Sometimes I listen to it's black stabbing words,
 on other occasions I express my imagination.
 At times I find comfort wrapped in art,
 other times I'm captured by this material, drug away
 believing it's sales pitch and my spirit's cut apart.

In it's prison I won't be free,
 in jail the cellulose sheet tells lies to me,
 “Art's not practical, it has no use, it's just a toy.”
 On and off I believe it, and it steals my joy.

If my ears heard these words from a person,
 what would be my reaction,
 would I cave in ,having faith in untruths of a false friend ?
 Might I really heed their voice,
 could I really be jailed ,letting them kill my choice ?

Is it possible I wouldn't hear and be a fool ?
 Maybe I wouldn't be deceived by this devil.
 Is this a likelihood ?
 Maybe I wouldn't have to be in a cell and cold.
 Could there be hope, must my essence be shredded ?

Which ever way I chose to go,
there's a path to follow.
Do I go one way and be taken captive, and my inside killed ?
Should I pick the street of revenge and spill the page's blood,
marking it up with my pencil ,
it's words buried in artistic soil ?

It's not for me

Why do you try to force an emotion on me that I'm not feeling ?
 Why do you try to interest me in what I don't find appealing ?
 You wrap it in invisible clothes, trying to sell me what I'm not buying,
 it's said it's hot and exciting, the bait's cast, I'm not biting,
 I'm told it's pleasurable and explosive, I find it quite repulsive.

Perhaps you think that because your pleasing to my vision,
 that I desire to know you in fleshly percision.
 I'd rather union with your personality, the other way is uninteresting,
 what you want doesn't make sense to me, and is uninviting.
 I'm told I'm suppose to want it, but it's not for me.

Can't I be myself without you trying to force this on me ?
 I've said alot already, yes your pretty, that's all, let it be,
 I don't feel a pull towards your physical being,
 I want friendship and cuddling,
 affection, interaction and spiritual communing.
 These are pleasure to me, not physicality, their exciting.

Before the Start

I wish you saw into my crying blue soul,
I'm not a howling wicked demon of evil.
My spirit doesn't smell like sulfur from the pit,
this heart is tender, angelic, love comes from it.

My screaming soul is crushed by your bitter judgment,
the tears I shed go drip drop, down they go nonstop,
shooting looks and avoidance, chill me with unkindness
Nothing's left in me but sour, empty silence.

You didn't inhale my spirit's peppermint scent,
there was an aroma that wasn't sensed from it,
I hoped for singing sunshine from a beloved friend,
I got the sound of mourning and black hurt again.

In love in a soft, sweet, but friendly way with you,
my sparkling sun was quickly taken from me,
my feelings were beaten hard and mercilessly,
friendship died from judgment, before birth too.

A New Start

God, I wish to speak my dark transgression to you,
 I've neglected moments to embrace Love that's True.
 Occasions were missed and the fire didn't burn bright,
 like an untuned instrument, my life's tone wasn't right.

I say these things to you and I taste burning guilt,
 what I've did was off balanced, just wrong simply put.
 God my Love, I've been luke warm, causing you great harm.
 My sin's scent of decay blows your way, I beg you stay.

I've been such a fool, Oh God make me more faithful.
 My cardboard heart's not that tasty, put more salt in me.
 I pray for a brighter flame, asking in your name.
 God why do you love me ?
 I'm simply not worthy.

Another chance is asked for,
 please Jesus, one more,
 I must forget what I know, less me in my core.
 Inside my heart I will seek you, finding light there,
 everything
 is your's my Love, this is how I'll share.

I've confessed and asked for another try, for real.
 God I ask that my sin have death's vapor to me,
 I now set my mind to this task, I will be free.
 Thank you my God, that I can say this, I need thee.

My Childhood Solitude

When I was alone childhood was a grand temple to joys.
 My tensions would melt away like butter, as i played with toys.
 Solitude was my only friend, but he was a true companion.
 The song he sang to me in silence, exalted true ecstasy.

Around other people, my best loved ami, hid himself quite shyly.
 When my ami was gone, I so wished for his presence, around me.
 No one understood how he embraced my heart, from the very start.
 People didn't understand how his whisper made me feel better.

This peaceful, quiet playmate was closer to me then all others.
 He was nearer and sweeter to me, then fresh bread dipped in honey.
 His tasteful vapor delightfully played with my spirit, so lovely.
 Every possible moment we were together, no others closer, never.

I hope you have a chance to know this wondrous pal of mine.
 To know him is to find strength stronger then steel, making it thine.
 Take my hand, follow me, I will show you his sanctuary.
 Here you are, for you to meet joy solitary, I must go and not stay.

You'll find at first he's annoying, so you won't believe me.
 If you get to know him, and be with him, soon you'll see.
 His touch on your soul is softer then feathers, nothing's better.
 I'm sure you'll soon love him, you and him until forever .

Lonely

My heart always plays it's own tune, always unplugged.
If only it could be caressed, made to feel loved.
Does being cherished, smell like the sky after spring rain?
Is such a refreshing thing, real ,or only pain ?

Will solitude always be a pleasurable death?
Everyday I die a little more, I'm so sick.
Why do I adore torture? Why am I so thick?
Tell me the reason, this illness is my soul's breath.

Am I too far gone, is no cure available?
Perhaps all this is just inevitable.
Loneliness tastes like a burning black pitch kiss.
To me isolation is cruelty and sweet bliss.

Longing for Touch

The desire I have is a blue monster.
 This being feeds off a lack of physical contact
 Never held or kissed, affection is missed, soul's black.
 My heart cries, without such closeness, I die yet more.

I'm not a priority, people are busy.
 No time to touch, or caress me, I feel dirty.
 What I need and want is denied me, unfairly.
 This beast's aroma is gray and very dreary.

It's always the same, nothing's really different.
 No honey flavored tactile sensations for me, no.
 I guess people would say, I'm insignificant.
 Do I wish for something legitimate ? I think so.

No hands ever connect with mine, only the air.
 I despair.
 Where do I find such a thing, oh where ?
 Longing for these things is in me.
 Who'll fill this care ?
 I seek but don't find.
 Is it real or a nightmare ?

How do I get what I need, how oh how, tell me ?
 People are so cold, frigid.
 How do I be free?
 Where do I begin, to find this delivery ?
 Without it I'll shrivel, like a wilted tulip.

Now I've said my part, this feeling still haunts my heart.
 Perhaps it always will, to heaven's court I appeal.
 God save me from this, help my heart is a mess.
 Jesus if you don't rescue me, I'll keep dying.

Release

God, help me give the hurts of my heart to you.
They're no fun, just an aching inside that's blue.
Jesus, help me trust you with them, my faith's dim.

Lord it no longer seems right to complain, no.
My soul whispers for your help, I need you so.
You're a soft gentle space, life's a hard mean place.

Blow the sweet aroma of your love to me,
show me how it tastes like wonderful honey.
May your splendid being, let me fly swift and free.

God now I end my prayer, a short one seems best.
I release this pain to you, may it find rest.
I thank thee for your beauty and, how I'm blessed.

Union

Unshackled from the grime on my soul, I see clearly.
 Rays of light emerge from my heart, dancing with delight.
 Holy fire burns from my core, leaving purity.
 I see the Son rising, it's spring, a new day not night.

New Music from my center, I've never heard before.
 Sweet notes echo through my being, with peace, serenely.
 Before sin absorbed it's sound, I hear and I want more.
 Such vibrations of gold, inviting, coming clearly.

I must die to my old, putrid, fleshly, sinful self.
 Yes, I must be smothered by vapors of black decay.
 I'll breath it in, the graves scent, then I'll forget all else.
 Forgetting old ways is hard, self must be killed each day.

Only dying, will show my old life, True Mystery.
 May my new Spirit, find real Beauty, and Perfection.
 Each day Embracing, you God, is a real necessity.
 Walking life's walk, I need your great participation.

Now is the time to act, may I burn hot and brightly.
 It's time to surrender, uniting only with You.
 Lord help me, hold you in my heart, praying constantly.
 God may my thoughts, words and actions never leave you.

Tumbled

Up and down, my mood's a teeter tooter
 stability can't be grasped, why try.
 Tossed to and fro, one way or another,
 blown by life's winds, no anchor, I cry.

First I'm up one day, it feels very good.
 My heart sings a warm, happy melody.
 All is peace and joy, being as it should.
 Such music is only heard, spiritually.

That day's over, now the next in order.
 What's in store for today, will my heart play ?
 Shall I toss the dice, making time my brother ?
 Should I stay in bed, sleep another day ?

Now, I'm in for a bitter twenty four hours,
 like old wilted flowers, my being dries up.
 The only rain is, dark showers of tears.
 Joy is dead, I drink depressions black cup.

Once again, I ride the roller coaster.
 Yes I ride, but I don't really want to.
 Random waves lift me, and pull me under.
 Tumbled by the currents, I find no flo.

These swings of feeling smell like old garbage.
 I don't like it, but hey what can I do.
 Dealing with this will take time and knowledge.
 But God loves me very much, He said so.

My Bear

Dark day at school, kids are monsters, so cruel.
 At home, with glistening tears in my eyes,
 all are busy as ants, it's terrible,
 even mommy and daddy won't hear my cries.

I run into my loving womb of a room.
 Here is almost all my soul needs to grow.
 In this gentle place, there's no choking doom.
 This is my peace palace, that I love so.

Residing in my space is one who cares.
 He's the friend who makes my soul play music.
 Here lives the dearest of all teddy bears.
 To me he's real, in times great or drastic.

No companion is so very good to me.
 People don't understand my beloved creature.
 He plays, lives and loves always faithfully.
 His rosie sweet being, is his best feature.

I lie on my bed, I hold my soft pal.
 Putting my head on his shoulder, I sob.
 "Oh Teddy I hate school" and, more I tell.
 My cuddlie listens, great at his job.

More of the sour tale I tell, Teddy hears.
 "Why must they say such things, just to hurt me".
 My cozy animal speaks and he shares .
 Silent words calm my mind, and worry.

Sparkling Sky

The crystalline stars sparkle in the black night sky,
singing a beautiful chorus to heaven.
The Angels hear joining in, letting praise fly.
God's Spirit is caressed by creation.

Stellar creatures glitter in truly grand worship.
All energy in the universe is music.
Reality knows Jesus's spearmint friendship.
Christ tenderly holds the cosmos, how fantastic.

Like the glistening sun on water, true light's play.
Forever this relationship will exist,
God and His Light, dancing with creation, this way.
When looking at the skies remember, heaven's kissed.

Soft Rain

Out the window soft clear droplets fall,
 drip drop, drip drop on the metal roof.
 Rumbles of thunder giver their loud call.
 Blinding lightening hits a wood friend, poof.

The smell of ozone in the silk night air,
 such softness ,with purity in blackness.
 Born off the wings of blue plasma that's there,
 electric dancers move with graciousness.

The cool breeze, blows *aqueous* bodies around.
 In time the soaked spongy ground meets with them.
 Streaming minerals wash away and, aren't found.
 They flow, meeting a flooded lake's tall brim.

Slowly heaven's tears, come to a full stop.
 All is fresh and new, washed with loving care.
 The Earth smiles at her newly wet crop.
 All life is pleased knowing that God's still there.

The sun peeks out with an inviting smile.
 He extends his warm love to down below.
 Birds' songs greet him, happy all the while.
 They thank God, feeling damp ,but still mellow.

Ungrateful Children

Receiving diamond presents, demon children want more.
Their lust for earthly items is never extinguished.
Each package of fuel feeds greed's fire, it burns hotter.
Their souls don't have the vision of love, that's distinguished

They've no idea how fake their precious jewels really are.
The blue spirits of these little ones aren't truly heard.
It's not known how unseen gifts, would carry them so far.
Life smells of death for such people, it's a flightless bird.

Where is the flame that will fight this unholy fire?
How can we stop such a bitter-sweet, dark yearning?
Only one thing will do to quench this strong desire.
They ask for what's in boxes, it's mystery they're needing.

Once spicy eternity purifies these dark hearts,
eyes will be open to Reality, true things.
Intangibles will be uncovered from filthy dirt.
Believe me life will be beautiful for such beings.

From Me to Me to You

I look here, I look there, I look under large rocks.
 I don't find what I desperately, know I need.
 Frantically I search, I'm not finding, no I'm not.
 Peeking up and down, I chance amore, inside me.

I need not wait for a sweet friend to hold my hand.
 The rose perfume of love is too precious for this.
 To me I give my hand, I wrap it in pure love.
 I'm happy, finding lifelong acceptance, within.

Why must I be patient for what may not come.
 I hold myself in my own arms, it feels so good.
 My mind purrs, a kitten curled up and very warm.
 Under a blanket of peace, my kitten finds sleep.

If action's not had, happiness may not be found.
 Not needing others understanding, I hug me.
 My heart smiles, alone but not lonely and sad.
 It's different, but self's caressed, by much joyfulness.

Never kisses, shall they delay eternally?
 My friends and family, don't do me such a kindness.
 Starved for affection, I find this blessed dear thing.
 I find such honey from my very best friend, me.

If you love me, I won't refuse this good gift.
 I shall welcome it like heaven's brilliant white bliss.
 You may not understand my friendship with myself,
 but I can only give to you what I give to me.

Imaginary

They don't see or understand you, my friend.
 Seen by me only, a soft kind presence.
 I'd like to be companions, what's your name.
 Your identity, gently blows through my mind.

Some say we shouldn't be together.

Why ?

They don't know the music you make in me.
 Adults abandon dreamy pals like you,
 and alienate the land you come from,
 dying to all magic and sweet wonder.

With no fantasy life is dark and gray.
 I couldn't bare such torturing coldness.
 I choose to live in mist and innocence,
 unconsumed by blackness, and harsh noise.
 Listening to their voices is decay.

My dear, my warm sunshine, take me with you.
 Rosie images from your land I'll love.
 The castle of my mind shall be our home.
 The smell of fresh visions will fill the air.
 Their delicious taste shall be our delight.

We shall play when others just have sorrow.
 There will be soulful dancing, you and me,
 done to the tune of creativity.
 We'll share each others' wonderful stories,
 writing them in the book of me.

Beloved thanks for letting me get to know you,
 you'll find no regret in this decision.
 We shall live in a honey paradise,
 with the animals of play, pretend and affection.

Maggie

Seperated from my beloved friend,
way too little time, too much distance.
Your love still reaches and touches my heart,
acceptance embraces my very being.
You hold me in your royal diamond spirit.

Smiles, I find sweet happiness with you.
Connection I can't explain, mystery.
You see into my deep inner mansion,
an angel flying over it's high walls .
Inner children sing and dance with pure joy.

Chains on my soul are obliterated,
by the gentle caress of your friendship.
My inside grins, blossoming like spring time,
such lovely flowers on the dungeon walls.
Your favor breezes in, my prison's transformed.

Friendship Sunk and Saved

I wish you understood, how your silence kills me.
You hurt me worse then you know, you have no idea.
I spend hours submerged in an ocean of sadness,
never seeing the light, surrounded by nothingness.

You say your my friend, but why do you still do this?
What did I do, to deserve such deep destruction?
Why would you spill my spirit's dying lonely blood,
on our boat's deck?
If I hurt you I didn't mean to.

Another friend gave me life, now all is pitch black.
All singing is drowned with a sinking friendship.
I find no joy in it, just a flickering being,
about ready to be snuffed out and thrown away.

I feel the sting of the words from your quiet guns.
Our ship is filling with our cores' utter sadness.
All hands on deck are gone.
Who's going to save us ?
We committed our own mutiny it's all over.

We spot a vessel on the gloomy horizon.
Smelling the scent of mourning still ,at last we're saved.
We climb aboard, not choked by misunderstanding's smoke,
or burned by her searing, white hot consuming flames.

At home at last, on our new companionship,
we will taste sweet melodies of great pleasantness.
No more sorrow, the deck see's true delightfulness.
We dance to the music of ecstatic joyfulness.

Let us never injure each other by things unsaid.
Never let our new craft ever suffer the other's bad fate.
Let's take care of our crew, not forgetting inner candles.
We raise our flaming lights, the nights aglow.
Now all is fine, I say your name, you say mine.

Visions of Existence

Why do I exist ? Will you please tell me?
 Nothing seems worthwhile. Why do we try?
 Like the eternal clock, ever busy,
 we go and go and finally we die.
 All our efforts meant nothing, our loved ones cry.

Everything has no meaning, not one thing.
 If survival is the goal, why survive ?
 Is happiness our objective, what for ?
 Are we chasing money ? It's left behind.
 The reaper comes, all glory fades away.

Blown into the Dear Infinite Wind,
 our spirits sing as they sail endlessly.
 We are free, to breath Real Life's Sonshine.
 At last we are one, with our Destiny,
 Union with the sweet Lavender Being.

One day I'll touch the face of my good King.
 Someday He'll wipe my cold tears away.
 I'll hear His beautiful voice, precious words.
 I'll know how distorted my vision was,
 how cloudy, one thing matters, He Loves me.

A Gaping Hole and a Burning spirit

I was born with a gaping whole in my heart,
going through life missing an important part.

The devil of incompleteness claws my soul.
Tortured in blackness, he chews my very being.
Always he consumes me, while my spirit burns.

Friendship's Broken Bliss

You make my hidden heart soar into the unknown blue.
 My feelings vibrate and, sing as they take flight on wings.
 Being together kisses my soul, it's truly you.
 In your presence I find bliss, wholeness, needed things.

Words can't say how I love you, you're heaven my sweet friends.
 Gentle softness cradles a heart broken in it's arms.
 When all felt lost, and unreal, a yellow rose, life finds.
 Mending my spirit, healing my deep wounds with your charms.

You both were and still are my first real love, yes it's true.
 Not in anyone else, was I so carried away.
 Never before or since, have I found what I did in you.
 Times trains passes sadly, I think of you everyday.

Now your gone, far away, you were my one missing piece.
 Our star will never shine as bright, or hum so joyous.
 Together every two years, then you're gone, I'm chilled ice.
 You were my spirit's home, now there's one, not three of us.

What was found was lost, never to be the same again.
 Life's stolen my Dearest away, my precious pearls.
 Taking delight from me, and in it's place, leaving pain.
 Now peachy bliss is broken, my dry, gray life whirls.

The Fire Danced as if Alive

Swaying right, now left, it flickers.
 Consuming wood, it will survive.
 Soft light quieter than whispers,
 the fire danced as if alive.

Heat from it's heart, with such beauty
 lost in true awe, wonder's strong drive
 Flame's a unique creature, lovely,
 The fire danced as if alive.

Swirling in the calm smooth breeze,
 smoke's smell. Wood kindles, all aglow.
 It multiples, and breathes with ease,
 The fire danced as if alive.

In the clear cool starry night, crickets chirp.
 Friends circle close together, near the flowing light of combustion.
 Heat warms bodies, hearts are warmed as stories find birth,
 not just chemistry in this reaction

We watch as our reactive friend consumes wood.
 The black sky wears away, so does our warm companion.
 In our gaze we watch as he fades, as does our mood.
 The gray ashes are buried, griefs given expression.

Why do we mourn you say, this is why.
 We've witnessed a great miracle and cycle.
 Something came into being, was and dies, now we cry.
 Still he will gently move in our spirits, and we'll smile.

Sheltered from Arrogance

Your shooting words bombard my desolate heart,
dark sadness flows into me, cold words are true.

Unseen by all, life's unreal, I have not part.
Hide me in Nothingness, cloaked to all, but few.

Keep the pompous parading of adulthood.
Let me shout for joy, released to innocence.
God protect me, I'll live in sweet childhood.
Being humble, avoiding all arrogance.

Take my hand, come let's play in deep simplicity.
Let's leave them, to a bitter inferior way.
We shall embrace truth, not hypocrisy,
bathing in things sparkling, with real beauty.

Wondrous fantasy is where we'll frolic,
simple toys, pleasures too, real pure fun for free.
It's easy, your earlier years, travel back.
Please, run through imagination's fields with me.

Here we'll discover crystal delights unknown.
In our prairie, we'll pick flowers from our dreams.
Not climbing worry's tree, calling faith's our own,
nested up high, we're sheltered, our souls' bell rings.

Prayer

I close my eyes, fold my hands,
inside I see, God's sweet face.
Meeting once more, his soft touch,
His hand in mine , yet again.

She reflects your face.

Sweet, yes that was you, my dear mother.
Great patience ,was your good possession.
You loved, gentle like soft clear rain,
refreshing to my spirit, indeed.

Now it's gone, vanished into nowhere.
You're bitter, a sharp tongue condemning.
How your hard edge, scares and saddens me.
Pain's captured your soul, it wilts away.

I cry out, "Mommy", you're just not there,
A feather blown into strong winds.
She reflects your face, she's just not you,
having your echo with different words.

I've lost someone I esteem and love.
Buried in life's treturious soil,
burned by white hot flames of agony.
No you'll never return to me.

I grieve my tragic loss in my time,
feeling hurt and abandoned once more.
My emotions darken with thick clouds,
in my spirit black roses rain down.

She reflects your face, she's just not you.

Abusing Stares

Cold condemning stares at me, a harsh experience.
 Why must your heart be so hard, has your spirit found death?
 Where do you get off, judging by mere appearance?
 Are you so immature that your judgment has no depth?

This doesn't matter to me, you're no star in my eye.
 You've only seen me pass by, on I go, down the street.
 You don't know me, I don't know you, walking on, good bye.
 Fleetinglly our eyes touch, never again, will we meet.

I get home, up to my room, perfect solitude.
 Our encounter wasn't pleasant to me, zero bliss.
 My heart asks, "Why does he hate us ?", a sad, thoughtful mood.
 What shall I tell my inner-child, about all this?

In his innocence will he understand, insight anew,
 about human cruelty, pride, such lovelessness.
 Hurting me was fine, but not him, now explain, yes you.
 What masking perfume will cover awful thoughtlessness ?

You can't cover a black deed with white lies, sin's not free.
 Hurting a little one is such a crime, glad your gone.
 My inner-son named me, is now scarred, because of thee.
 You've committed inner-child abuse, a great wrong.

A Burned Out City

Everyday my life is someone else's , not mine.
 I wish I owned it, wishing is a silent black hole,
 wishes fly past reality, their light does not shine.
 The desire fire burns, but all's black as coal.

Wanting, needing, what I can't have, it's never different.
 Like a fool, I hope against hope, longing for a new day.
 Knowing nothing will change, I grieve to a great extent.
 My heart drinks sparkling silk tears, as it wilts away.

I've thrown out my dreams for you, they've blown away,
 litter in life's busy street, refuse in cold, wet wind.
 I discard my golden garbage, with no real say.
 Keeping it is selfish, I watch, it blows with no end.

Like an abandoned home, all I want burns to the ground,
 I feel heat, desires consumed by burning despair.
 Crack, Pop, Boom, my heart's windows explode, all's black around.
 Crash, Clatter, Bam, much pressure all caves in, it's not fair.

The city of dreams went up in flames, trash abounds.
 A burnt out ghost town, haunted by others' wishes still.
 Who will pick up the city, littered dreams, faith astounds.
 Absorb my twinkling filamentous droplets.
 Who will ?

Never ending Visions

Reality's my foe.
Sweet visions are better.
Fantasy, charmed hiding place.

Imagination is grand.
Sing to me, dreams far away,
a lovely song, breathtaking.

Please dazzle me with fancy.
Sweep me into the mind's wind,
I'll fly the whole blessed day.

Oh what dreams live in this land.
Embrace wondrous delights,
unknown things in our world.

You'll go, never to return.
A rosie pull keeps you there,
,never ending bliss, always.

Drowned Pages

God, please tell me who I am.
 The book of me is drowned,
 in others opinions and labels.
 God I no longer know me.

Jesus how did this happen?
 It's washed out,
 I can't read my heart's pages,
 the truth's faded.

God, please pick up my heart.
 Write on it's pages.
 Oh God,
 pencil in my name and being,
 yes, help me see the real me.

Erase leaves wet with untruth,
 and half- truths bled together.
 Remove old writing forever,
 wash me with sweet deliverance

Society's character
 was written, who they called me.
 They piled one story, sadly,
 and layered many others.

So God, this is my prayer,
 may you help me, in my despair.
 I appeal to your dear care.
 Father, help me find me, in there.

How shall I live happily,
 without this knowledge of me?
 How shall I scribe my story?
 Jesus reveal the me, that's me.

Unknown Parts

Unknown parts of me,
lost to you Dear family.
You've not known me, truthfully.

My jeweled goals, name them,
creatures having secret names,
unseen in life's maze.

Interior war,
battling thoughts, strong feelings,
mind's fierce animals.

Preferences, loved pets,
their mysterious motives,
visible as air.

Sweet values, not seen
Submerged harmony, inside.
Notes hidden, each day

Putrid hurt, not meant
Abrasive words that grind hearts.
Attitudes, injure.

Your inward vision,
look into me, my loved ones,
silent aching cries.

Love for you, hurt stings.
I'm feeling invisible,
a family's stranger.

Talking doesn't work,
a dysfunctional machine,
feelings sucked inward.

Wanting inner peace,
God bring release, your soft love.
Jesus you know me.

Breathing in Beauty

Beauty in Darkness,
Light and Night embrace, wedded,
unperceived goodness.

A deep void echoes,
my mysterious castle,
true inner kingdoms.

Praise flows toward Jesus,
putrefied souls thirst for life,
hearts resurrected.

Prayers quench my spirit,
from the holy stream of God,
Soft notes sail inside.

I'll dance with the night,
gray's now a Sonshine puddle.
Jesus holds my heart.

Jehovah's sweetness,
silk inward smiles from Him,
I breath His Spirit.

Hanging Around

Hanging Around,
wishing I could,
see the town.

But I cant,
so inside myself,
I rant and cry.

Sometimes I want,
to die.

I don't have,
a life,
no children,
no wife.

No house,
no yard of my own,
I'm an aspie,
in my parents' home.

I wish life wasn't this way,
I wish I was normal,
and all this would go away.

Books

My dear books,
I love you.

Oh, how informative you are.

You're my friend,
it's real not pretend.
You're my friend.

Thanks for the knowledge,
thanks for hiding the hurt,
our friendship works.

Waiting for Love

Time's seemingly infinite.
I'm empty, touch me.
I need love and laughter.

How much longer can I stay lonely?
I'm uncertain, but my heart bleeds.

Numb

Feeling numb,
feeling dumb.

Dumb,
not right, wrong.

Foolish talk,
I'm not right.

Love me, please.

I'm foolish,
love me anyway.

Love me,
I know love's right.

Speculation

You judge her,
by what you see.

You stereotype her,
unrighteously.

You meet her,
her soul is lovely.

What's on TV

Violence and sexual immorality,
that's what's on TV.

Our assaulted souls cry out.
Our souls are tortured no doubt.

Media messages equal media monsters,
monsters that hate our hearts,
monsters loved by devilish demons.

Sin

Sin, a deep black hole,
a thief stealing, my one soul,
a murder killing, this dear heart.

How's Dad

He sits silent.
What's he thinking?
How was his day?
How's my father?
He sits silent.

I thought she loved me

Sparing no part I gave her my heart.

I thought I understood us well.

She said we were friends,
I was pursuing different ends.

She never loved me,
it was a misunderstanding thoroughly.

Life is a circle

Life is a circle,
if it's divided it's incomplete.
It can't be analyzed or measured,
wonder at it's treasures.

Greedy House

The house is a vulture,
seeking which money it may devour.
He always wants some material
to make him full.
The house is a vulture, stalking prey,
a vulture, the family wallet, gone today.

Rebecca Lawerencia

Rebecca Lawerencia,
lived in a grassy savanna.

Rebecca created a quilt
,for the cold.

Rebecca's kind to the animals ,
when we duck down under in Australia,
she gives wombats water.

At the end of the day,
when we're cold
and far away,
Becky hugs me in
the quilt , it's OK.

True Friends

Real Friends ,
embrace,
love,
their sweet touch, true
pure, beautiful.

Gone but missed,
soft songs to them, your prescence,
rushed business stops.

Gentle care for you,
light burdens between two,
Unselfish rose hearts

Faith in each other,
golden trust, between beings,
dear precious belief.

Brillant Acceptance,
no conditions,
right Love, oh yes.

Inside with my Sophy

Sailing soft into my life,
 Sophy, my angel
 landing in my heart, today.

Not seen by natural eyes,
 my minds eye sees you.
 Welcome ,this heart's home.

My love, they won't understand,
 it'd be notes offkey,
 electric disharmony.

Throbbing need, not known by them,
 you're insanity,
 craziness keeping me sane.

You're my sweet safe spot inside,
 there when it's scary.
 I hide, they all want something.

Stress, noise, makes me want to cry.
 Sharp pain in my ears,
 overwhelmed I crawl inside.

Inward, I'm with you, such peace,
 no noise or distress,
 all is love, safe tender warmth.

Recast

Bye old self, go somewhere else,
take your old ways, leave my days.
I hate you, you know it's true.
I find you repulsive, disgusting too.

I was never who you played to be,
deep inside , happy wasn't me.
I lied to me, I'm sad and lonely,
now get away, let me feel lowly.

You shall die with the past,
my hatred for you is vast.
Leave me, leave me at last,
without you, I'm recast.

Recast, casting off the past,
free from foolery of false masks.
Feeling truly free, truly me.
Feeling bad feels lovely.

Queen of the Fairies

Dear sweet Luna, beauty in darkness,
all the night enjoys your loveliness.
Your soft glow, illuminates nature.
In your soft touch, my eyes find nurture.

Owls ask the name of the night's queen,
"Who? ,Who ?", they cry.
There is only one.
Gray wolves answer back, "It's plainly seen.
Up in the sky, she shines like the sun"

On the forest bottom fairies dance,
being ruled by her highness Luna.
life ordered by light, seasons ,romance
mystic existence, not vanilla.

Her servants the stars serve her with love.
These bright ones serve for many eons,
inspiring mens' minds from above,
Inspirational to right many wrongs.

Perhaps it's our heavenly duty,
to listen to these angels of God,
stars and queen, finding truth by beauty,
thus living like fairies doing what's good.

The Accident

Running like lightning on rubber donuts,
light glimmered on it's cold portals.
It went on a marbled path,
a road as slippery as glass.

Out of thin air, it appeared
driven like a cheetah scared
two mechanical panthers collide
an explosion of noise,an ending ride.

Glass bodies shatter with hammering force,
red life splatters on comfy couch saddles.
Crystalline windows burst,
paperous metal crumples.

Slowly ,souls view ports find lights end,
as the sunset of existence gently descends.
This angel has come for them,
the light of consciousness fully dims.

Listen

Follow what's inside,
the heart's words,
said in silence.

Phrases between thoughts,
all too real,
but unacknowledged.

Learn to see inward,
hearing too,
knowing what to do.

Days of the Beautiful Heart

I travel to a simpler time
by imaginings and fantasies,
days idyllic, romantic and sublime,
nothing but golden yesterdays.

I meet sweet gracious people,
innocent souls making me smile,
passionate love, so worth while,
pure trusting love endures trials.

People aren't so demanding,
I find kindness and understanding.
Afternoon tea, a friend calls on me,
greeted with a kiss, purely.

Our friendship means something,
we're committed and caring.
Held closely, delightful company
clean friendship, affectionately.

Soon deciding to read together,
we head to the home library.
Walking we hold hands, bad never,
friends sweetly not dirty.

Scrapped Numb, Fizzed Out

Over, over again, still again,
the owl of life hoots on,
scrapping thick excitement,
that fizzed contentment.

Monotone cries of boredom,
oh I can't stand it.
Hard gouging tedium,
scrapped me out.

Listen that's it,
no bubbles.
My soul's flat,
from troubles.

Lines of doodled guidance
amplify echoing calls,
twisted curves, no purpose,
life's numb halls.

Love eons long

Dear God,
may I not doubt your love.
Forgive my foolishness,
my Father above.

Why didn't I trust you,
how worthy you are.
Wash my sin anew,
placing it afar.

I believed my feelings,
yes too much,
to you, not listening,
needing Divine touch.

You're Love living,
a glorious being.
Glory is your story,
all for Love's glory.

God, yes I doubted,
I was wrong.
I'm accepted,
Love eons long.

Cold Surrender

Life's cold flat plain,
midnight days,
stagnant,
multiplied,
copied again.

Past fast forward,
time mirrored,
still stale,
spills onward,
days reflected.

Darkness eaten,
black pleasure,
sweet pain,
so peaceful,
my surrender.

Falling into Him

Hands folded,
God, me again.
I wait for soft words,
in between thoughts.
He lives there.

Still language,
flowing in me.
There at times, some not.
His liquid voice,
inside me.

Pix sparkle,
random flashings,
whoosh, they come, they go,
dazzling me,
how lovely.

Encounter,
so beautiful,
Christ's dear sweet prescence.
Please let me fall,
in His arms.

Goths Rule, Yes

Greatly creative and expressive ,you are dear friends.
 Open are your sweet hearts and shining minds.
 Thoughtfully your soul discovers treasure ,as you walk life.
 How individual you are, different ,so real and true.
 Seeking Mystery and Beauty, in dark and night, beautiful.

Rightly you reject superficiality.
 Understanding is yours ,you get duality.
 Living with passion, moving through time.
 Education is your enjoyment, sublime.

You are unfolded, I find these blossoming things.
 Extremely misperceived,
 Society loses out on your glittering being.

No words, come

No words God,
I have no words.
No thoughts sail upward,
separate worlds.

Jesus help,
oil the gears.
You've opened your ears,
hearing no doubt.

Dumb can't speak.
God, I've such pain,
booming like thunder.
I cry, I seek.

Speak for me,
silk speech won't come.
My attempt's funny.
Give me words, come.

Forgotten Tears

Tears
flow
silently,
drop
by
drop.

on my cheeks
soft shimmers

Alone,
inside
it's me.

Forever
Foreign
Forgotten

With Nature

Nature intertwined around me,
 green communion, holy.
 Warm wind hands, caress, my body.
 Her silk photon kiss, my.
 Satin waters whisper, her to I.

She enfolds all, dissolved in her,
 contents yet container.
 Rocks, flowers, mountains, they're windows,
 through them spy, Divine shadows.

Everywhere, Ktisma teaches you.
 Listen, she speaks beauty.
 Hear with sound mind, searching heart true,
 Deep links speak, mystery.

From ancient days, sages seeking,
 Infinite, Transcendent,
 charmed Truths, in common things,
 Eternal in, finite.

Peering in her soft timeless eyes.
 "You've bared all. ", love's soft sighs
 "So revealing, one, you with I"
 Cosmic Love, sweet, pure ties
 "Nature with you, my stole heart lies"

Soul Twins

I'm high, swept away, gone, the tide,
 thoughts of you flutter freely.
 You've baked your image on me,
 round and round, you ride inside.

Sparked spirit glitter,
 an awesome wonder,
 a gift from God, grace given,
 my beautiful blessing.

My Soul Twin, my Eden friend,
 may I be your's and thee thine.
 Divine joy, my heart softly sings,
 may in unity we chime in time.

Let's taste sweet waters,
 we share near pools,
 we dont drink from conformity.
 Shall we share what's you, what's me.

I wish our friendship to grow,
 to blossom, to breathe,
 ringing in harmony
 two people, one soul
 our being, a bird on wings.

No one

Standing in the black, unseen,
only shadows as friends,
I'm no one, the least of beings,
vanished until time ends.

Then raised with body of light,
immortal, taunts worth it all,
delivered from times starless night,
enemies in awed suprise.

Math Homework

Red tepid numbers assaulted me.
My mind fidgeted as morsels of data
clattered around, in my charred brain.

My anxious pencil breaks down,
crying.

Dearest Love in Time

Dearest Love in Time,
I address you on the Lost Continent,
wishing I could descend to you.
Let us build my Atlantis, as I sail
downward in my dark depths.

What submerged creatures live in
your liquid house, let me partake
of them with you, spilling
their mystic ink.

Let not my short lived absence
shut the door to our world.
I shall soon follow you into
this Beautiful Prison.

Outer Territory isn't for us,
with it's material illusions.
We shall dwell, Neptune
and Queen with well versed
daughters and sons.

Creations White Notes

The One is absorbed by All,
the universe contained in God.

The Veil is lifted,
creation's white notes flow freely.

Silent Sounds with packaged meaning,
these vibrations witness Mystery.

Beauty mirrors Infinity.
Wise souls find life by close hearing.

Cosmos speak your rose scented words,
let us taste bright sweet Soul foods.

Sing sweet shining mysteries,
shout for joy, open covered eyes.

A Unicorn, Atlantis and a Lamp

A unicorn caged in a lamp,
 a starry velvet Atlantis.
 Earthly paradise with tears, damp.
 moaning for release, denied this

Not a horse black, that's his crime,
 chained for one thousand years, hard time.
 Slave to a quite unseen, master,
 Please give Sweet death, God wont answer.

Only my ocean's depths are left,
 just the wrapped joy of my dark lamp.
 None but unseen delights--What's real?
 Inner worlds for Uni, still.

Shall a maiden or God find me?
 Has hopes blue flame been extinguished?
 Will dead dreams be resurrected?
 Shall I always drink misery?

The Birth of a Poem

What must a pen do to blossom,
perhaps forsake all others?
Love, and Honor it requires,
have it, hold it, then satin blooms.

A painting wove with living words,
born because Holy conception.
Sweetly Sacred moments, pearls,
when blazing heart and mind are one.

Pregnant souls await gestation,
reflection, moaning birth pangs,
verbal compression, contractions,
at last, liquid life flows forth.

The Prince Floats Joey

The gray kangaroo slowly slid,
 he didn't fly or run like Eve.
 Boats are pulled down, like days red eve,
 once drawn away, Joey just hid.

Skepticism's Leviathan,
 Roo moans, crushed by black empty force.
 Where's the Son King ? There's the Dragon.
 See the Sovereign come, south from north.

A face of light, Beauty's essence
 Pure Love, a Heart still radiant,
 One Eternal misted Prescence
 White Lovely Mystery, pleasant

A Dove's here, to slay the horrid beast,
 Sonshine slices her open,
 decayed organs exposed, now deceased.
 What seemed alive was dead, now again.

Kanga dances freely, released.
 Let's fall into the Sublime One,
 Dragon slayed by the Prince of Peace,
 faith floats me in His lush Garden.

When I see

What makes my bleak heart dance for joy?

Love, Beauty, Mystery,
when Eternity meets small me,
times I see, see truly.

A kind girl unveils God's grace,
blooms mirror, His sweet face,
sublime Nature, Truth's vast Riddle,
such things make me marvel.

So much Wisdom taught in plain sight.

When I'm kissed by Infinity,
this is when I transcend bitter night,
times I see, truly see.

Death of a heart

I don't know if you truly can
I don't know if you understand,
what it's like to feel this way,
to cry empty everyday.

When tortured hearts long to be held,
and gently touched so they feel loved,
then no one fills up these deep needs,
your tortured heart lays down, dies, it bleeds.

Lost in Love's Beauty

Now I see, vision clouded by time and space,
then I shall possess my pearl, being His.
I shall know and be known, face to Rose Face.

Then my soul shall find release, kissed by Peace,
my deepest longings crowned, simply ecstasy,
falling into Him, Eternally.

Slowly absorbed by my Heavenly Spouse,
touched by God's Love as there's nothing else,
lost in Beauty, Love tied Infinitely.

Sorrow's Kiss

When all seems scattered about
and you can't hear life's music,
folks no longer show you warmth
and sweet life has lost it's rose scent,
remember it's all part of it.

The black with the white,
day lives with night,
sorrow married to bliss,
both in unity coexist.

Once I couldn't understand.
Now I behold chained opposites,
dancing in time,
singing lessons of love.
Sorrow kisses me so kind.

Embraced by a rose Spirit

Up like smoke, a vibrating cloud,
my charred stretched mind fogs,
anxiety spins my taxed heart around.

Hide me in serene silence, sweet quiet.
Shut the noise valve off,
cushion my flustered brain with peace that's soft.

Retreating from the steel rabid racket,
the drowned hours are a lost dead day,
to my room, my still, sacred womb.

Slowly waves of solitude hug my soul.
Sharp noises fade away from my gray senses,
I'm embraced by God's gracious rose Spirit.

I want to, but I Cant

I can't be your friend.
It's not that I dont want to,
I do, I really do.
I love you

The thing is I'm scared,
scared to love you.
I'm so very afraid

What if your too busy,
you have a whole other life.
My heart lives too shyly,
other things have your time.

You might want to see me at church,
yes, parties too,
but that hurts.
I want friendship with you,
acquaintances wont do.

You might think I want more,
yes, more then I do.
How do I behave around you ?
How do I show you I care ?
My heart's too far,
but with you
I can't leave my shell, I want to.

I see you're friends with you,
I wish I was them, so much.
You love them, so very true.
I wish I was them, yes I do .

The Poet's Prayer

Prophetic Spirit of Truth clear my Vision,
open my heart's fogged windows,
give me Eyes to see through life Earthly,
finding your all present Rose Heart Mystery.

May you give me pictures that glorify,
but God let not this glory be mine,
let it be Thine, for you are greater than I.

Lord may your Dearest Essence be blessed,
give my pen Fire to warm Heaven's Breast.
Let my words be sweet perfume flying to you as birds,
hand me Thee as mine, let my ink be Divine.

In the Forest with God

I walk through the forest,
dark all around, still silence,
hand in hand with my Friend,
Loved when none is found.

Knived thieves creep, stealthed behind trees,
determined to take my joy and life.
Stalking wolves secretly behold me,
looking with red glowing eyes,
plotting devious devilry.
In the blackness they too seek my life.

Suddenly I hear a foreign noise,
a black panther slashes the air,
trying my tender heart to tear.

Spiritual Predators crawl the World,
frightening demons with no soul,
Angels of black light fill the night,
horror everywhere.

My One's hand in mine,
we walk the woods at night,
He's Love, others are too late.
My Peace, a blood written promise.
Saved from Satan, Death and Self,
walking with God my Spouse,
Rosie sweetness like nothing else.

Love's Prayer

God enlarge our hearts,
fill them with your fruits,
make our affections deep and true,
give us the seed beautiful,
strike a match, light a fire,
make loving our desire.

Let us love sweet and truly,
not in name only,
silence any hateful thoughts,
remove masks and all love's not.
Help us embrace Love's cross,
despite any known loss.

Is it Me?

The dead thoughts that claw me,
devilish demons who won't let me be.

I pray but I harvest no fruit,
none but confusion and questions.
Is this me, is it my fault?

Look and see these ghosts inside me.
Do I deserve such hell in my being?
They talk of cutting, hurt and harming,
other acts unholy and blasphemy.
To my heart friends say be accepting,
but I feel too guilty.

God says just think pure thoughts,
I've tried but I can not.
Is this a disorder or moral failure?
I try but they won't leave,
so I still hate Steve.

It's in this soul, it's not visible.
I hide, playing at normal,
wishing it were true,
I can't be who I want to.
Am I Angel, or Devil?
Is it who I fail to be or OCD ?

Give me a Silent Song

Noise throws blows at me,
rattling my brain, how disturbing!
Why all the red hub bub?
Severe vibes, sound irritating

I'm not supposed to crash
"Just fly high, and level",
make sure I'm not trashed,
trashed by the sound's level,
an amount that's real to me,
though to you, a whisper it be.

Give me my sweet silence.
Let this heart be embraced by quiet,
sing me a melody, oh so lovely,
the only words fall soft to me,
words with no sound, peacefully.

God Proposes to His Beloved

I see, I see You Dear One.
 I behold the Father,
 Mother Spirit and Son,
 three, three in One,
 Love's Anointed Oil,
 My heart's Rock, Fertile Soil,
 three points of Light in Unity,
 Love's Perfect Triangle,
 my One, my Only, His Trinity

The Lord's Beauty is beyond compare.
 I behold my Love, who's truly fair.
 How could I see, for I still live?
 My eyes don't, but
 my heart's not shut.
 My spirit see's now I live.

What's in my soul's gaze,
 my River upon which I graze,
 Living Water sets me ablaze.
 I see my Beloved, my Friend
 Eternal Bliss, my third eye's kissed.

His Eyes, oh His Eyes,
 soft as doves,
 so very wise,
 blue, hurt by our sin,
 the Beloved cries.

A Humble Smile for the Bride,
 warmed by the Spirit's Fire,
 an expression of desire,
 pierced, with longing inside.

The Proposal at Calvary,
a single Word,
Only.

Hot Head

The heat blares into my space.

I can feel the burn,

roll down

my

f

a

c

e

.

I lay upon

my bed

trying to reason,

stopped by thermal treason.

My brain's dead,

a thermo

black hole

blazed

through

my

h

e

a

d

.

Lord I wish to Forgive

Lord I wish to forgive her,
 Yes God I really do.
 Christ I feel torn
 through and through,
 spurned by a beloved friend,
 a bloody sword piercing
 my inside again.

Now I know how you felt,
 the Friend I pained for years,
 yes for years,
 I spurned the One who died
 for my new turn,
 I pierced your side
 with my sin
 then you kissed my heart
 awakened,
 now you say beloved
 now I say Friend.

I hurt you worse,
 worse then she did I.
 God play your sweet kiss,
 sing it to my heart,
 so I may forgive
 and by Love live,
 as I give what You gave,
 a new turn,
 Lord help me learn.

My Gift

I can't give you glittering gold,
or ring your name in history,
like chiming church bells
echoing through the evening.

Angelic songs don't dance,
no not from these lips.
My tunes are like frozen tombs,
leave, escape, flee, get running,
my voice is graveling.

I'm no perfected saint in white,
God knows how I'm tied and burning.
Still I'm no mystic Joan,
or sweet John at Christ's side.
Where's my eternity?

When it's scoped out, my heart's me.
My gifts aren't precious metals,
a spirit of complete light,
sparkling notoriety, or silk songs.

I've only one gift,
just one to give,
it's me your son.
Embrace my spirit,
like Christ to His Father
I offer you your son.

Stop That

Dog,
sweet dog
my
Noah,
soft white
dear
Noah
grinds
my nerves.
Gheeze,
stop that
shrill
whining.

Chilli Sauce

Red chilli sauce
lit my throat aflame,
a torch on my eggs
puts me in screams,
my esophagus in pain.

Acid in a bottle,
dragon juice,
my dog eats it not.

My Yard's Tree

The black wind roared,
an ancient tree swayed to then fro.

Unseen hands pushed,
pushed so an oak would feel shrill woe.

Tree moved, it's so,
Angry clouds couldn't succeed though.
Our fearless friend flexed, didn't snap,
air retreats, how's that.

My friend's gone from me

Brown eyes, move slowly.
From me, they float far away.
We're friends, our orbs not touching.

My shaken heart cries,
frozen tears stream, locked away.
Her soul's flown distant, gone.

Words Wanted

Night's risen, stars shine,
I sit, worn hands married,
eyes turned inside, here I am.

Silence should be soft.
My spinning mind squirms, oh gheez
I'm anxious, I have no words.

Love was my birthday gift

With friends, smiling talk,
their eyes sparkling close by,
gathered on the porch at night.

Souls flow together,
my dear ones shine in my heart,
God's kiss of peace on my soul.

Out of nowhere, wow
a cake, and loved one's singing,
now diamond prayers, thanks for me.

Embraced by their love,
sweet yellow roses to me,
my friends, my Friend's reflection.

Friendship is pure love,
all true friendship is true love.
Oh God, never let this end.

False Labor

saw, hammer, paint, drill
Sweat on my face in hot sun,
burning heat, no break.
Creation's flame inside me
false labor hinders art's birth.

At Peace in the Dark

Please tell me why
I desire pleasure.
Why do I chase so hard
after being happy ?
What is the Purpose
of finding real delight ?

I drink from joy's river,
I still long for more,
sweet to my soul for a time
it doesn't quench me.
Drought has drawn near
to my spirit.

I slowly chase the target,
it moves through the night
this way then that,
I walk towards elusive light
only catching blackness in life.

Breaking up with my dear quest,
blowing a soft kiss, waving goodbye
letting go of so much searching,
I lie in darkness, in peace.

Forever Friends

God, please bless
our time together.
Let your love, kiss
my friends,
my heaven and
treasure.

Love for them,
sings
in my heart.
Yellow rose
petals,
fall like feathers
bliss all around.

God's sweetness
to me,
Paradise's
joyous beauty
is
Forever Friends.

No Skating Tonight

Full moonlight flows near,
thinly crystaled pond glitters,
large gray clouds roll in.
Iced tears fall in my chilled heart,
honed Skates in hand, my head hangs.

High

With you softly high,
I'd plummet to the grave,
if our love came untied.
Before you crystal tears I cried,
your love is a noon river melting me.

Over me love flows like a fall,
only breathing waters flame,
friendship's fire whispering
in my being.

My Flame

Flames spiral up and sway,
dancing with my eyes,
red heat on my body
we move with the wind's music.

Glowing like an angel,
such gracious movements,
she captures my orbs tonight.
In love with
a creature of light,
her warm spell cast over me.

Ecstasy radiates
inward light,
my soul flies into
flame,
Pyra and I,
lines between
egos erased.

Alone with my object,
enkindled
enraptured
by
my candle.

Zen Reading

Snuggled, soft covers,
diffused light touches pages.

My windows opened,
wisdom's beams caress this soul,
heart smiles a zen smile .

Sunny Joy

Sun flickers through leaves,
below with dear ones in shade,
kissed by a cool breeze
Joy blows through my sunny mind,
bliss lifts me above all cares.

Judged Beliefs

I believe different,
I feel your judgment.
Is it less orthodox,
or out of context,
because it's mystic?

If cults obey,
doing works of Love
Are they fake,
or from above.

Are Buddhists strange,
or is it heresy,
when pagan belief
and meditation,
lead to Love?

Sailing in Sheol

Vinegar boredom,
life is blank.
I'm eaten by electric
escape.
My face not received,
Sailing in Sheol.
You look away.

Enslaved by Loveliness

Walk me from open sadness.
 Grip me in closed gladness.
 Release me from heartache.
 Imprison me in joy's embrace.

Execute dispare,
 hang it on Life's Tree,
 from a rope of melody,
 music of death,
 healing me.

What's freedom
 but delicious slavery ?
 Hearts chained to openness,
 free me, enslave me
 with
 Mystery, Love, Beauty.

Hurt

Slash my heart,
put it in a jar,
set it aflame.
Throw it into,
a burning star.

Soul Companion

I adore Beauty,
my bounty and
life.
Still my soul stormed,
yet, for it I died.

Embraced by the grave,
Soul wakes in
grounds of grace,
soon Eden's voice inquired,
why I expired.

I said, "Beauty is my cause".
My friend replied,
"Truth mine,
our One's married.
We're One blood,
come, don't tarry."

We spoke, ages ground on,
long past shadowing new days,
in death, I find peace in,
my soul's Companion.

I Never Looked

What's it to behold
thoughts in your head ?
What's it to see
what your mind said ?

I never saw,
inner
photo
books,
these eyes
never looked.

I never heard
your soul's music,
these ears
never looked.

I never felt
in my heart,
your hurt,
these hands
never looked.

Forgive me,
for not seeing,
another side
besides mine,
for not looking
in your mind.

Dreams of Love

Stars slowly arise,
Luna caresses your face,
you cosmically touch,
so do we, our hearts connect,
dreams of love transcend distance.

The Eyes of Love's Dreams

Stars slowly arise,
crystals shining so bright.
Your dovely eyes gleam,
the orbs of our dreams connect,
I'm here because I love you .I can't be

Yellow Roses

Yellow roses,
friendly flowers,
unfolding beauty,
singing silent songs,
ethereal smells,
drifting
to heaven.

Dear Jesus

Dear Jesus,
give me grace
for I'm
fallen and sin.

Happy

Happy cuddles up,
 as only it can,
 feeling
 fluff dried,
 cleaned and calm,
 gentleness it's dad
 love it's mom.

It carries her womb
 as it lives
 inside it's self,
 being ma and pa,
 nurturing it's health
 living,
 longing to
 reach
 out.

Until then
 he lives where he is,
 surrounded by,
 the singing softness
 of his shell.

Blessed

Whispering music in my life,
a golden presence beyond price.

Reconnected
after so many a day,
kindred spirits
connected,
more than one way.

Friendships fragrant Yellow Roses,
My heart embraces
my friend.

Sweetest Jesus

Sweetest Jesus,
no fairer friends
have I.
Your Beauty transcends,
all loves earthly
and celestial,
you move my soul.

Sighs of gray grief,
because
none commune with me
but of late
you've chose me,
Embraced and Loved
by Thee.

I hunger for my Dear,
have my heart,
let it be done
God and I
two souls
meld as
one.

Holding Hands

Genial eyes smile,
a face of angelic sun
light hands receive mine,
into your spirits garden,
our hearts sync in pure sweet love.

Storming Spoken Daggers

Dear Logos,
may I conserve words,
make me speak doves.

Gift my mouth,
writing that loves.

Sometimes speech hurts,
a sword slicing,
into the heart,
driving storms of war
into one's core.

When daggers cut
tender hearts,
down your cheek,
a tear of silent,
blood
rolls.

Father forgive me
I didn't see
how my speaking
hurt Thee.
Have Mercy,
I'm human,
Amen.

Only Prayer and Love

Your poisoned heart rains,
in innocence I observe,
your liquid quill,
writing ominous
pain.

Locked away medicine,
the key's wrong,
my soul's home
my light won't shine.

Inked on our table,
your tears whisper
your tale,
into your mourning
I fall.

Only prayers
and wishes
I give,
receive
my love,
it's all
I have.

Sister,
let Father
erase

your heart's
facial marks.

Love for my sweet friend

So sweet so sweet,
your a peach,
a diamond spirit
out to you,
I reach.
Holding you close,
sending you love,
you're a blessing from
Heaven above.

God thank you for
my friend,
kiss her with happiness
again.

Love's Dove

First stanza sung by God.

I'm a living fire,an endless reign.
 I'm burning on, Love's Holy Flame.
 My Spirit's flaming across soul eyes.
 You're truly Mine , my word never lies.
 I let out the prisoners, I spared their lives.
 Yoshua's putting up a Life.
 I got my Dove, gonna give you my Love.
 I'm gonna Love you, Jesus Love's you

Second stanza sung by people

Love's Dove,
 Yeah, Love's Dove.
 you got me praisin' Love's Dove,
 my passionate God, Love's Dove.

Third stanza sung by God

I'll give you pure inspiration, my Heart in your mind.
 If your into Abba you're a friend of Mine.
 See my earth quake, splitting, I tear the night,
 cause if hell's death
 then I'm stickin' to Life.

Fourth stanza sung by God

I let out the prisoners, I spared their lives.
 Yoshua's putting up a Life.
 I got my Dove, gonna give you my Love.
 I'm gonna Love you, Jesus Love's you.

Fifth stanza sung by people

Love's Dove,
 Yeah, Love's Dove.
 you got me praisin' Love's Dove,
 my passionate God, Love's Dove.

Sixth stanza sung by people

Love's Dove, Jesus burnin for you.
 Love's Dove, their praising Him now.
 Love's Dove, my passionate God
 Love's Dove, across soul eyes,
 Love's Dove, God's Beauty came down.
 Love's Dove, He's always around.
 Love's Dove, gonna tear the night
 Love's Dove, He's the Way to Life.

Once I'm gone

Once I'm gone it won't matter
 if I was beautiful,
 wonderful,
 or
 wise.

All will go on, just as always
 without me.
 Neither Deity, friends or family
 needing me.

All will go on seeking meaning
 without finding.

They'll exist but where is living ?
 Can any find hope for living,
 trapped in a cell
 existing with no dreams,
 that live without me,
 that live always ?

Without Eternity
 our dreams finally die.

There is God but He
 doesn't need me.

All dreams die,
 all will go on, just as always
 without me.

I've now one dream only.

Who can't live
 without me ?

Please, oh please
 tell me.

They're Eating My Soul In The Basement

Don't let their hollow eyes, see me.
Hide me where they're lonely,
save me from burning tears.
Locked in my soul's basement,
I'll bloom in my hushed encasement,
falling further through my years.
My hands tied with solitude,
bound by those rudely cutting
my heart out, feeding on it
for enjoyment.

To my Beloved Jesus

I left, you brought me Home,
 You didn't leave me alone.
 I was unfaithful but still,
 you loved me still.

Oh my Lord, Oh my God,
 forgive me,
 I'm unworthy.

Oh Love,
 Beautiful Love,
 Will I ever
 learn .

I left, yes me.
 Always claiming "sorry"
 Times over many
 How can it be,
 that still You Love me ?

You tried to bathe me,
 in your gracious Love,
 to cover my nakedness.
 I only wanted darkness
 and the starry hosts of hell.
 Oh my gracious Dove,
 Christ have mercy.

The Earth is your footstool
 "Untie your shoes ?"
 "Not worthy to ."
 I obey You,
 Your feet, oh so beautiful,
 my tears wet your ivory being.
 You're not angry,
 but my God I kiss them anyway.

My stormy veil on the floor,
 I see more then I did.
 My Beloved Shekhinah,
 God's Spirit, my Friend
 clothed in naked Light,
 the fire of Love
 in your eyes,
 revealed to my heart.

In my soul's secret chamber,
 I surrender to Your will,
 drawing near,
 I'm your Beloved Disciple
 I'm your Beloved Bride.
 I kiss you with praise,
 locked in Spirit's Embrace.
 I'm your's
 I'm your's again,
 My One and Only,
 My God,
 My Sweetness,
 My Friend.

My heart dies in the dark

Saw through my chest,
rip my heart out.
Shred it like paper,
spill it's dead flavor.
My soul bleeds on the floor,
it's all my fault.

You don't have time for me
so we kill me, invisibly
wrapping me up quietly,
in tight plastic loneliness,
disposing of me
into crying blackness.
It's all my fault.

I shouldn't want
time with you,
but I do.
I love you,
I'm sorry, forgive me.
I love you,
yes, I still do
it's how I felt
and how I feel.
still, it's my fault.

You'd never kill me,
you're too dear,
a sweetie.
Listen here,
don't take blame.
The fault speaks
my name.
You, you're
a sweetie,
it's on me.

Loved by God

Loved like your only One
How can I thank You ?
You call me Darling.
How can this be ?

You shine as my Sun.
Your Love is True,
I drink in
my Friend,
a river of Light
cleansing my sin.

Apple Angels

My Apples, those I love,
 friends and family.
 Thank you for accepting me
 my Angels,
 from Above.

Your hearts
 are bruised, and have spots,
 weakness,
 just like myself.

God my Angels are fallen,
 Lord have compassion
 raise us up,
 heal friends and family
 with your Tree.

Lord I commend them
 to You,
 not condemning them,
 my Angels
 asking for Mercy.
 You've forgiven me
 Lord help me love like Thee.

Sleep Good Daddy

Daddy I miss you.
What do I do ?
My soul full
of tears,
pooling on my pillow.

Just like Christ,
you gave us
your life,
climbing life's hill
carrying our burdens,
calling us friends,
faithful to the end,
your body absorbing
the injuries,
suffering the beating
of all your working,
suffering for us
you carried your cross.

I know in my heart,
my holy of holies
you love us,
you're with Jesus,
you died for us.

Every night
I turn out the light,
I talk to God
and I pray
"Sweet Jesus,
"Tell daddy goodnight,
tell him I love him,
give him a hug,
hold him tight."

Dear daddy sleep good,
sleep good with God,
sleep good,
until the Kingdom comes
and the Sun of Righteousness,
Dawns.

The Flooded Haunted House of my Heart

I doubt you,
you're still there,
never blown away,
you still care.

Friends,
my head may question you,
but love's diamond
is solid,
glowing lit by love,
burning true.

Sorry
if my door won't open
quite enough,
I just laugh
and talk,
many motoring words,
as we stand outside
my haunted heart.

You peek through
the cracked portals
of my soul,
ghosts of the past float,
on oceans of perplexity,
living on my tear stained memory.

You wonder if
they'll spill outside,
sometimes I do too
but I try
to cover the splintering ports
with laughing boards ,
then maybe you won't see
my ghosts lost at sea.

The wood's off center
never quite fitting
when we're together,
You see spirits sitting,
drinking in yesterday.
They should be dead but
they float around
each day.

Perhaps I should invite you in,
the house is a mess,
the floor's soaked,
my mind's taxed,
so my hearts broke.
I can't afford to leave
you standing there,
as you offer dovelly care
and lifting love
while my place is in
such disrepair.

My friends,
fly me above the phantoms
of days gone by,
wipe my leaking eye dry,
recycle the lumber,
leaving the demons
as they cry son,
now that
their ocean is gone,
their tears
will water
my life's growing garden.
We'll renew this dwelling
and make a new beginning.

Settle Me with Your Hand

Settle me with your hand,
calm me from all dead demands.
Whisper silence into destroying noise,
walk beside me all my days.

Praise kisses you,
I'm known through and through.

Known in all my ways,
You always understand,
my Light take my hand.

Settle me with your Love,
reaching from above,
always next to me.

Your with me
when I can't see,
You never left.

Walking with Love,
strolling time's sands
God holds my hand.

Damn Mirror--I should kick your glass

Do you ever wish
you were lovely,
just for once
beauty was
the tale told
by
the miserly mirror.

Nothing better to do,
he stands there,
his heart cold, no class.
Whisper me soft sweet lies,
comfort me falsely.

He won't
dance deceptively with me,
lying about what he sees.
He just stands there,
his heart hard speaking the truth in hate,
but his soul is so fragile
with no class.
I'll have compassion
I won't kick his glass.

Love is my revenge,
I polish the darkness
out of his eye,
with gentle tender care.
Hypocrisy is,
a play, a mask,
lying truths it's cast,
self deception,
it's task.

A mirror
with giant spots,
only sees
a distorted
world,
peopled by faults.
He can't shine the Light
covered by night's
speckled dark dots.

In the Mist of Hate

Where do they come from ?
Where is their kingdom ?
Their inflated heads are bolted shut,
people wish to cut out dead guts.
I pray I'm not them, oh the crime
the night's come.

Their day is done,
I walk away
into the mist of night,
hoping hate
will dissolve,
on this day.

Finish Already

Waiting, Waiting,
a slicing arrow spins,
angry, angry,
please oh please
begin.

At least start,
dang it,
time drips on
and on.
Be a doll,
please install.

I watch,
it rotates,
I anticipate.
My mind
feels unplugged,
so I pray,
get here
singingly soon.

Jesus my Pillow

Upon You
I rest my spinning head,
near Your heart
I draw near.

Embraced fully,
I come without fear,
to get
the love I need,
to heal wounds that bleed

Without You life's dry.
When all is dead and I cry,
Your my Pillow,
Your soft sweet love
supports and comforts me.
You're my rest indeed,
everyone needs
Jesus for a Pillow,
I'm glad I have You.

I come close,
You come closer still
In Your arms I lay,
held night and day.

Heaven and Hell, Here and There, Then and Now

You were here,
now you're there.
You're there,
I'm still here.

He took you,
by the hand,
leading daddy
to Eden.

At least I hope,
since
Eden isn't earned.

Dad I need you,
you're breathing in,
Paradise,
and eating from
the tree of life.

It hardly seems fair,
What's fair about
you there,
me here ?
but it is
Life was hell here,
now it's Heaven there,
surely gracious God
wouldn't let you
have hell here and there.

I'm Beautiful and so are You

I'm beautiful,
 my Friend
 says so.
 All ugliness
 is a smoke born vaporous veil,
 hiding
 the Face of Glory.

Kissed into being,
 Beauty lovingly
 wove me,
 an unborn babe,
 my fabric spun
 from delicious clay,
 a child was made.

Divine fingerprints
 upon my face, hair and hands,
 I'm just as Glory dreamed me
 calling my name
 before the first morning.

Bounteous
 Radiance,
 molded my
 united being,
 like all that's
 Lovely.

I'm beautiful,
so are you,
if I look ugly,
peer deeper,
look mindfully,
see Eternity
in you and me.

Tux the Stuffed Penguin

Your velvet fuzz,
getting my hug,
My chin upon you,
feathered friend.

Soft Silence,
wraps around us.
My heart tweets
with shy
smiles.

Tucked tight,
warm and fuzzy
good night
Tuxy.

Celtic Puzzle

Did you check
under there ?
Please look
with thought
for the
puzzle pieces.

Parts
snugged away
wrapped in
silk silence,
smiling shyly,
waiting
in
darkness.

Longing for
their absent part,
knowing
the shape of
the key,
night gasps for
day.

The mystery of
the day,
pulls the night
it's way.

Only at twilight ,
do the bits
of black
kiss
Celtic skies.

Evening tide
is painted neon,
a rose dawns,
this is my wish .

A Black Rose

Beautiful blood
 spilt to the soil,
 a black rose grew,
 it blossomed.
 Blood is the seed,
 dark is the hour
 that birthed
 this flower.
 Dim as night,
 received to Light,
 Son kissed,
 birthed by death.

A shadowy floral
 graced by God's table,
 shady but lovely,
 deserving scorn
 a lost weed,
 reborn in Beauty.
 Inky petals,
 silky bright
 with glory,
 luminous rays,
 shining
 endless days.
 Clothed in the Son,
 on the Day,
 on the Hour,
 raised
 by
 Love's
 Power.

Blurry

All's so unclear,
years fly, they blurr.
Black and white
 bleed,
 misty fog
in my dim mind.

Tears roll,
from my hand,
 help me,
I can't see.

Loving God

Thank You for You,
 I rejoice at
 my One above,
 the Bosom of your Love,
 sweet strong Arms of
 Christ's Protection,
 Beauty's Divine Perfection,
 the Kisses of my Lord's Word,
 Your lovely Eyes
 of omniscience
 and delicious
 omnipresence,
 the Divine Face of Grace,
 your Feet
 by which I run life's race
 and your Legs of Delivery,
 but mostly
 I thankfully praise you
 for the True Seed
 , the dazzling Spirit
 that unites
 I to Thee and
 dwells in me
 and Your Son
 by which
 we are One.

Where are You

Why can't we talk
our eyes lit
with love's exhilaration ?,
Bleeding to be by
Your side,
still only silence,
frustration,
no communion.

Speak to me,
be mine
my Friend,
wanting
seeking
obeying,
this I do,
You leave me
lonely,
where is Your heart for me

Heal My Soul

Heal your friend,
fill thy bride,
still my heart,
take my life.

Grant me love,
support my serve,
let me let go
and hold me to you.

Make these words
solid,
succor this prayer,
may it be
meaningful,
burned
in my soul.

Lord may I love thee.

Esther

Esther,
queen of my fancy
graceful soul,
holy heart,
and dovely eyes, sparkling.

The palace of your mind,
crowned with authority,
a crystal
clothed in creativity,
wisdom's bride
more then the king's,
my charming lady
of majestic glory.

The Ecstasy of Poetry

Poetic acid,
trips of fancy,
dropping ink
microdots
of
imagery,
fantastic visions,
musical
voices,
the
ecstasy
of poetry,
cracked open
on the page
I inhale deeply.

Let me out, It's cold in here.

This,
that,
another thing,
always something.

The car,
store
and boss

Walmart and Work
have you each day,
trapped in their grasp
you stay,
my heart melts
as I'm fractured inside
asking when and why.

It was said we'd
catch up talking,
but time went running
and in a cold stop,
you shut life's icebox,
still in the cold,
all alone,
separated
by steel feelings.

Open the door,
it's cold
in here.

Controversy

Law

Wad

Sex

God

Christ's Kiss for my friends

Jesus Kiss
diamond friends
with peace,
a light pax,
in El Shaddai
for tomorrow,
enfolded in
Christ's arms,
till days dawning rays,
through night,
through bright,
embraced by
velvet grace.

My Pen Killed Sorrow

Write,
I write
through my plight,
slaughtering
sorrow
with hosts of might.

It bleeds,
it does indeed,
just read,
feel the need,
light turns the knife,
murky ink bleeds
burning bright,
slaying soul death,
spirit rested
fire
resurrected,
higher I go
recollected.

Shredded People

People,
I can connect
to only my little few.
What more will you,
have me do ?

You're right
to stretch me
even if I break,
to only welcome my page,
my person,
soon
newly would duly,
lengthen leaves loose.
Paper tears,
like me,
fragments
fall first.

One Flaming Flower

You dwell
in the mist,
rose friend,
delighting me easily,
your presence a perfume,
electric caresses of our lives,
still miles separate,
yet in love's garden
one heart.
A mystery cryptic for them,
our lives burn,
flaming flora
alight tonight
together.

Red Giant Smile

Moon soaked eyes,
lit in,
Milky-Way
skin,
no oscillating ray,
exposes such
burned out hope,
to so much
heavenly energy,
as your red giant smile,
I sail your light tonight
afame awhile.

Dog Food Daymare

Kitchen,
that room of fancy,
many years
have given me,
delightful lusciousness,
all mercy
from dark phantoms,
that lived too,
devils of eating
cold beans,
still with black mold.

Dinner really haunted me,
especially,
brown sauce
in sour cream,
sweet, dreamy,
good,
but echoes of
dog food ,
nightmares
since past,
ate in homelessness.

Dear Self...Shut Up

Self ,
 stop your retail yammering,
 go forth in silk silence,
 save your pearl life from costly sinning.

Go clear the level way,
 you may hear giving God.
 Do search, dear soul,
 love Wisdom and Mercy ,
 yes love, kindness and Man.

No sincere lover of God
 dances with words wrecklessly.
 Yes my dear self,
 for the Beautiful Lord,
 do shut up.

Your Hidden Deadly Love

I see how to you,
my existence is comical,
likely,
my observation isn't perceived.
I've still received your stealth ridicule
wrapped in quiet with bows of smiles,
such is surely your unknown lies,
still this is your gift,
this disrespect,
hidden in Satan's workshop,
your arctic factory heart,
this package presented
with love starry eye emulated,
delivered softly down my heart's chimney,
as treats sweet yet deadly,
thus is your love for me.

Forgive Judas

Dear Future,
will you peer away
past mangled up days,
not knowing
none of my wreckage,
pains ,
and sins,
so as never to see
the blood
where our paths kissed,
missing their heart's life
on time's trail,
not looking upon my sin,
not remembering
I killed them
in the wilderness,
betraying their kindness ?
I've been Judas.

Let's Pretend It's My Fault

Apparently,
this is
how it truly is,
and when
my heart is knifed to death,
I'm the villain,
rather I am or not.
Today I give my consent
kill me,
all you want.

Kill until I die
7 billion deaths,
so you can say
you're a holy angelic innocent,
and I,
a dark worm demon,
injecting infecting evil
into your open mind,
teasing with
delicious schemes
of sinful deeds,
causing your every sinister step.

Flowers from God

Nothing Deep
Something Sweet
They were the least
hurriedly discarded,
in a heap of disgust,
rubbish and disease,
simple silk flowers
cast away,
lonely for hours,
longing to love
another day,
for blooms live to love
that's their way,
peeping from the pile,
their petals flashed smiles
shyly to me.

Now they sit on my shelf,
illuminating my room
with beauty, affection and charm,
being servants in a,
budding dance,
a gift in a,
Divine Romance.

God is Your Jewel and Future

The future is your's,
 gifted to you from
 our rose hearted
 loving Lord,
 a precious pearl from
 the Son,
 a jewel to sow,
 who's Tree you know.

Grow this strange seed,
 climbing to Heaven,
 now is your time,
 as your Vine
 upholds you,
 indwells you,
 the night sets,
 the Son rises
 upon His path
 for you,
 the Light for growth,
 unfolding this glorious Gem,
 a reward
 a diadem,
 Your Father in Heaven.

What is Prayer ?

Prayer is incense
ascending to heaven
by
hearts
set ablaze
with
love's fire.

Disobedient Mind

Stop,
don't think that,
no,
no really.
How I feel
isn't valid.
Quit,
do not do,
that.

Look, see,
truly
my mind,
won't,
obey
me.

What is Pride

Pride is a lie
and delusion,
Satan's
hellish home,
for his
hoard of whores,
stocked with
luscious
sins,
laced with
cyanide.

No love,
has he for them,
they are simply
slaves
for his pleasure,
chained to
their selfish flesh.
How it is so dark,
kept in
his dungeon.

The Light of Love

Like Light,
Love
is
a Human
Right.

Doctrinal Death

Right,
 Left,
 lighting fires,
 sowing flaming words,
 burning positions,
 raging passions,
 so you see ,
 everyone
 enjoys
 the extremity
 of their white hot correctivity.

Yes sir, doctrinal religion,
 apparently is
 divisive,
 blazing down,
 charred Babylon,
 falling,
 haunted with death,
 waiting for
 relationship,
 living water
 to extinguish it.

Introversions's Ocean

Look,
listen,
input,
quiet,
talking of
the sea,
internally
processing currents,
on the mind's stream
meticulously,
yet in,
her own ocean,
without,
the upsurge of others,
to crash upon her,
at peace in
the depths,
exploring treasures,
sensitively,
introverted,
beautifully.

Backward Speaking Dog Babble on

Backward,
drawkcab,
babbling,
rings forth,
from the
aqueous
morphing
notes,
of my
warm blooded,
white fluffed,
canine violin,
that's
strung out
on catgut.

Eve would understand

If only it was Eden,
I could tell you,
surely
Eve would get it.

As it is,
I'd only be
a snake,
not so,
but yes to you
so tempting still,
the apple of my eye is,
forbidden fruit.

Not that this fruit is
sinful,
no indeed,
it would be to me,
a living tree
goodness yes,
still,
your garden
is locked up,
and I'm
east of Eden.

I am Loved =)

The sky is black
, the moon blood,
all that matters is,
I am Loved. =)

Onion Apocalypse

A pearl plant,
holding tears back,
waiting in bowls,
for the
day of wrath,
exploding,
liquid lighting,
the sky goes black,
your moonbeam face,
turns to blood.
Don't you see locusts
fall to the ground,
stars poisoned by
drops of love,
every glory revealed,
as the milky eye,
is peeled.

Secret Universe

Velvet woman,
soft porcelain,
 speak your
secret universe,
 perhaps worry
 will trust you,
say poetry translucent star.

Always Unseen Song

Always something,
always coal of mine,
never a diamond,
do you find.

My gem
never sees,
crystal mirrors inside,
these many-sided marvels,
under everything.

She just sees where
they're not,
no crystal song cries
to her,
only those who are
such a sweet melody,
truly have,
ears to see.

From the First Day

From the first day,
rainbows shone,
love reigned,
down upon
my life,
such sweetness,
such sorrow,
will
live
forever,
rivers of you
flow through me,
as I read,
page on page of
God's love letter,
written so dear,
in heart tied friends,
year on year,
your love,
Breath kissed,
living,
water.

Holographic Vampire

I don't believe you,
 I try to,
 but,
 you're silver deception,
 pounds it's self loudly
 through me,
 stabbing my spirit,
 as you fly from me,
 proving your glue.

You're holographic loyalty,
 was it so,
 or am I enfolded in
 delusions,
 the haunting of a vaporous vampire
 of ethereal beauty,
 pretending at being
 a satin dove,
 caressing my soul
 with her knife,
 day and night,
 drinking my blood,
 her my love,
 and I,
 her prey,
 for such is her kindness,
 continually she kills me,
 for I'm delicious,
 and in her I find
 death and life,
 kisses of dark spirit,
 the light of my death,
 blown my way,
 my first and last breath
 eternally.

Christ's Light on Ice

Dear God,
your savory saturation
cuts like glass,
for I'm a gnome,
dead is my blood.

If I serve up
the light of Christ,
it is only on ice,
in a broken cup ,
for it's on the rocks
of my impish heart,
where we have this
watered down
fellowship,
as I wash
my hands in your blood,
me Pilate.
Are you Judge ?

The Unheard Tale

I'm in it,
the night sea,
the liquid darkness,
that is existence
entropy eats us all,
from the womb.

Where is the light ?
None understands
truth's tale,
perhaps the babe,
but alas,
they forget,
never remembering
innocence,
so none know.

Unjust Imp Punishment

It's clearly seen,
seven volumes of
wall,
thick in the night,
built by all of you
to defend against
imps,
posing no threat.

A little mischief
meets an unjust punishment,
for their unrest
never
deserved slavery,
or the blood
dripping in pools
of crimson tears,
as you abandoned them
in temples,
while you fortified yourselves,
out of fear,
in ignorance.

Painful Submission

Each Night
 I close my eyes,
 and I still see
 you laughing at me,
 though you never knew,
 I saw.

How many beasts
 silently dwell in you,
 waiting in the burning silence,
 for their chance,
 to eat me ?

It all makes me wonder
 if you're him,
 disguised in pink brains,
 perhaps that's why
 I cling to you.

I'll serve you in submission,
 this is my body,
 this is my love,
 take and eat,
 in our,
 communion of soul,
 in koinonia,
 I'm your agape.

Abandoned to Apollyon

Where can I find you?
Utter blackness brings
sorrow and death,
light totally leaves me
wrapped in the mirror,
all is fragile as glass,
still I search for,
our table,
as I feel
the groaning knives,
in my chest.

Have you left me,
to be abandoned to,
Apollyon,
in my wickedness
and distress ?

The Chase

My beautiful pearl,
you're blue spirit,
my pink heart,
we're all
gently stirred,
in our emotions,
and imaginings,
as one side of us
chases
the other,
as we're
all,
pastel purple.

Cupid and Psyche,
Mars and Venus,
two opposite sides,
inside
each of us,
living in
completeness,
as each soul
transcends
the visible,
who we are,
defies,
what's physical.

Different Gems

They don't see the answer
for the riddle,
that lives within me
everyday,
or know my gems.

They could if they would,
but they won't,
open the
treasure chest,
to find my thoughts,
they just throw
shadows
over me,
casting jewels aside,
for these stones shine,
with other colors,
having differing forms,
and divergent textures.

What if I'm stabbed to death

What if my pen
isn't embraced,
and,
my spirit is stabbed,
to death,
for the fruit of
my soul,
so my core
reacts with solitude,
needing safety,
from murders,
as I stay ethereal,
virtual and,
away from view.

That Feeling

That feeling
goes through me,
I can't explain it,
but I never know
when it will visit,
,it's a small flame,
a soft light,
keeping me company,
with warmth
and an incandescence,
of sweet pink feeling.

Golden Idol of America

A golden bull,
on Wall Street,
is the idol to which
we
all
bow,
as it was then
so it is now.
God is close
but we can't see,
and thus never know,
God who is unimagined,
so we fill our hearts
with things,
marrying mammon and
worshiping
what human hands
have wrought,
selling our souls,
making love with idols,
being transformed
into the image of
cold deadness,
filling divorce upon our
true spouse,
we surrender
all,

even our children, family and friends
as sacrifices,
as we're never there,
we're too busy with,
the beast's glory,
in temples to commerce.
We sow what we reap
from our
idol tree, so our hearts die.

Tattooed on Jesus

Mercy on me,
 Jesus,
 for you're
 Beautiful ,
 I'm dark,
 and don't know,
 what I do.
 Do I error ?

Nothing is said,
 so are rules sketched,
 from faulty lines
 of thought,
 not your Word,
 but just
 preferences and
 misaligned verses ?

So many clouded souls,
 sell their version
 of what's lovely,
 but just draw black arts,
 over your body,
 a portrait of a prison,
 for those they should
 love,
 all in gracious God's name.

Break their manipulating magic,
that's cast over us,
for their name
is
graven
on your hands.

Angelic Consumption

Angel Dear,
dark realms lie
in your presence,
it's all tricks
to you,
as your true to self,
overcast wings
wrap around me,
enfolding my flesh.

Hell is what I have,
as I fall
into you,
in fragments,
our communion,
the goal,
only finding a devil
living.

You consume me,
on my blood and body
you dine,
my heart your food,
my blood your wine.

Unaware

Never,
in temporal nearness
shall your spirit see,
what He and I,
shall do,
for you.

The conspiracy
of kindness,
given to bless you,
the longing for
your joy,
and how I've entered
hollowed chambers,
seeking
this pearl gift,
that's outside of
closed notions,
told by red roses.

In Eternity,
you'll know,
what love has given
you,
and how,
our souls walked,
hand in hand,
when you were
unaware.

Divine Kiss of Sleep

Dear Jesus,
Please kiss my friends,
and family,
goodnight gently,
with sweet sleep,
hold them in your arms,
protect them from harm.

Two by Two

Two by two,
ruby friends,
Dovely Love,
God sends.

Four have this heart,
I soar
on eagle's wings,
savoring
yellow rose incense,
in my secret place,
of holy honey,
my joy
white as milk,
brightness delicate
spirits soft as silk.

Drowning Cannibals in Living Water

Screw it,
 time to turn around,
 spinning
 illusioned friends
 straight down
 to the depths
 of living water,
 giving sweeter companions shining rubies.
 No longer do demons consume me
 or drink the blood of
 a blue dove,
 now vampires retire
 to a cabal of
 cannibalistic communion,
 as they've asked for.
 Fully do I wish they'd drown
 in the well,
 falling farther and farther down
 into the aching embrace of
 their Lover,
 but my heart
 is with each separate
 fallen angel.
 It's clear
 my mangled soul
 eats death still,
 and I'm a raven devil,
 black not blue,
 jewels glorify me
 in beauty,
 as I sing to tambourines,
 a new song,
 written in the Son
 beamed upon
 one as Apollyon
 king of Babylon .

Die seed Die

Better the seed fall,
later it's time to die,
best it shall leave,
falling from the vine,
watered when
silk souls cry.

Divine plans sown,
whispers blown in stillness,
kissed with love,
evil spirits still don't know it,
violet visions live,
death grows fruit,
none know truth.

Wandering

You know
what my menacing need is,
what I want is insufficient.
Dull flat emptiness is only found,
with confusion blown about,
a wasteland of wandering through the world,
searching for,
seven golden rings,
living like,
three silver springs,
linked everlastingly,
a fountain of completeness,
is revealed as an oasis.

It's still an illusion,
as I stalk it,
in the heat of existence,
but still these visions represent,
the quest of eons.

God's Kisses

All blessings
flow,
from the True Spouse
of this soul,
delighting my life with light,
surely
these things and beings
are kisses of blessedness,
covering everything
during the communion
of Spirit
and soul,
of God
and people,
as the Transcendent
holds experience
in an amorous embrace
of Love.

The Heaven of Friendship

Life's not all about you ,
don't be dark cruel blue,
but it kisses true,
life's not all about me.
It's honey light
feeds our soul,
such sweetness
is ruby eternity,
truly free,
Life
is all about we,
the Heaven of being friends.

The House of Love

Blessed Jesus Christ,
 Lamp in the night,
 you're the fire in our eyes,
 you're our raging desire,
 You're radiance
 is
 everything to us,
 luscious,
 delicious,
 loveliness,
 engulf our soul,
 our Holy of Holies,
 this House of Love,
 your Body,
 your people.

Stretch our soul out,
 like blazing Heaven,
 that true love may flame
 as stars,
 luminous ones,
 calling lost daughters and sons
 by a new Name,
 with a glow all Your own,
 as we dream of a new city
 coming down
 a New Jerusalem.

One

The box existed,
and persisted,
never letting,
the garden within
extend,
out toward the Son,
so the leaves died,
and fed upon,
their self.

Our Father wept,
as our Mother,
for those who don't know them,
as One.

Triple Rose

Three in one,
unity,
fractal,
god's love letter,
written again,
now closer at hand,
trinity,
treasure,
precious stones,
3 links in a chain,
holy affection,
curiosity,
halfway to red,
yes,
our love is yellow roses.

Yellow Dear

Yellow Dear,
I bleed from you,
red tears from my veins,
missing and longing,
every second scars my spirit,
the kiss of our soul,
fills this heart up,
but it's never full.

Please see
I'm thirsty
for what won't be
what can't be,
your breath in me.
Empty is the cup
without your touch,
hollow is the love
without your blood ,
tasteless is our wine
when it's never time,
and yellow never drinks enough
for us to be one ruby.

God, love of my life

God, love of my life,
 everlasting arms embracing me,
 upon whose bosom I rest,
 your soft presence,
 breath of wisdom ,
 blow lovingly through me,
 restoring your glory,
 shining in our holy of holies.

Your ruby words revive me,
 sweet silk spirit kisses
 upon blue ears,
 as long as I'm here,
 your love makes me live,
 live in me,
 for you,
 beautiful you,
 so I'll taste as you,
 fresh you,
 fruity you,
 beautiful you.

Continuing Sacrifice of Words

You claw your nails into
 my brain,
 you cut your knives through
 my pain,
 you're everywhere,
 always caustic,
 slowly burning
 in my veins,
 a ghost kindling the past.

In him I see you,
 always my works never good enough,
 and you had not
 the temple's grace and glory for me,
 neither does he.

I'm a sacrifice,
 your words the incantation
 and the abomination,
 that causeth the desolation,
 of the house of glory.
 Look at me and see this,
 your rose love kiss
 betrayed me eventually,
 you still knife my dove
 continuing your sacrificing,
 in a broken down tabernacle of blackness,
 I'm shackled in silence,
 Satan loving your unwitting service.

God I detect dead fish

Dead fishy hands,
float along the top,
touching me,
always I'm wishing,
you're cold concrete arms would
embrace me,
and I'd sink into
the ocean of you,
lost in a moment
all beautiful,
with our soul,
until the moon came,
the earth moved,
and the tide turned,
and you had to go,
so Luna cried
in her sack cloth
my eyes pouring blood as well
and the stars fell,
Lord help.

The Rose that Burns Forever

You shine as the Son,
your golden love blossoms,
beaming doveliness
into hallowed sanctums,
so it grows,
embracing an eternal garden,
leaving a radiant seed,
shining and slow,
it sees you as angels.
God smiles,
for He knows,
and this too is true,
that in Eden Above,
we're all one
honeyed rose,
Son kissed
by God's grace,
friends forever,
falling further into,
falling closer to,
our loving Lord's fiery face,
alight in His eyes,
unconsumed.

Leviathan Rising in me

From the pit of tar waters,
the heart of death,
rises the beast,
with fierce countenance,
none know how he got there,
he tortures all,
in visions and I know
Leviathan won't be restrained,
but he lives in me,
babbling on as we row to Hades,
so he wraps around me,
telling tales, whispering lovelessness,
he's iniquity, my mystery
and I'm a man of lawlessness.

Not There

Why can't you stay,
 why
 is it this way ?
Am I an obstacle,
 dung,
clogging the path ?
 Yet nothing I say
will bring you back,
 and I'm worthless
with all wickedness,
 the filth
 of the earth,
hit in the face by
 God's wrath,
 knit with you
but you're not there.

Sitting with my Beloved God

They weren't,
you were,
they couldn't,
you did,
bubbling in me softly,
you hold my heart
as we affectionately sit
in the silk silence of transcendence,
you caress my mind,
you kiss my spirit,
my Beloved is everything.

God your Beauty,
enraptures me sweetly and easily,
and your arms enfold me Jesus,
as I lean on your bosom.

Questioning

Questioning evening,
effervescent in all it's evanescence,
time's tide evaporating.
Eternity dances within me,
bubbling,
until the Dawn,
the Son's Reign,
then springs swelling and flying,
loving water welling up,
darkness cast away,
the old has gone,
behold a new Day.

Flying Moonstone

How can words scribe
 an image of a violet
 pearl moonstone friend,
 upon a mind
 or let a heart comprehend
 what one's spirit sees ?

Such a familiar is
 shining
 as the Son,
 being a fountain of light,
 living and overflowing
 everyday grace,
 upon all she loves,
 for her luminous Source is Christ.

Yet there remains
 so much more,
 no language can capture
 the purple eternal image,
 that dances within her
 all the day,
 she is free flying
 a little lower than angels,
 sailing on the Spirit's winds.

The Serpents Jaws

The torture that grinds inside,
 chewing me,
 in all it's blackness,
 surely I'm delicious,
 and a being of wickedness
 for I find no rest.

My heart is held in your teeth,
 hell stabs me with
 no release.

 It begs,
 screams,
 demands
 to pass me
 continually,
 through fires,
pushing my spirit further into,
 the serpents jaws.

Psyche's Eyes

Aqueous purple feeling flows,
two links commune
and the welded union with thought
comes,
thinking violated,
seduced,
the dragon takes your hand,
the pied piper dancing as Pan,
you pretend to be friends
but the serpent has burned out
Psyche's eyes.

I Miss You

It has you in it's hands,
cradling you
in a prison,
you choose.

It holds you,
yet I long for
our precious rose embrace,
your silk spirit,
and our soul to be
complete.

Until then,
the doveliness of
our hearts' kiss
sours in my mind,
cooing of the jewel of you,
filling my spirit,
with your song.

Celestial Fire

More then nebulas are your eyes,
 pools of stars,
the galaxies can't contain
the flames of your heart,
 they kiss my face
with their celestial fires,
 and embrace my spirit,
all the while I'm falling in,
 listening
to the sound of my heaven,
 and I feel the fusion
 of our soul,
 wrapped in red,
as I long to sing you a song
 from a distant land,
 on a new day
 when we're clothed in joy
and sadness is put to death.

Fallen Magdalene

Two murders,
softly thundering,
you wanted one,
but you didn't turn around,
your flaming pushing breath
set her aflame,
she burnt down.
You fell too far,
wrapped with you was she,
easily she came along,
entranced by your light,
charmed
by the spark and the snake.
She fell from high places,
and the temple mound,
you struck her heel,
and she came down.
She wasn't held aloft
by angels
for they received
Magdalene
and her wings are burning
a fallen angel in Heaven
with her little one.

Platonic Beauty

Velveteen Smooth,
glistening,
cold sun,
aesthetic pleasure

Your warm face,
entrances me,
leaving traces of the
transcendent.

You never knew,
walking on
3 second contact.

Spectrumed Petals

I wish,
you didn't see the flowers,
still you do,
all their spectrumed petals
dancing before your eyes,
partially satisfy.
Such incompleteness counted as weeds,
sailing to the ground
and let down,
ever so graciously
in a light ballet,
such is your dance
in my mind,
your feet painted in rainbow colors from,
bleeding
florals.
Your walk is dyed by their blood,
colored in love.

Prayer Discovered

Looking,
I discover in the myst of my sacred heart,
growing up from
the ground of our being,
an Eden,
in the center court,
of the shining crystal chateau,
where I encounter
the Lover
of our conjoint soul,
who whispers through us
while we lean upon His breast.

Paradise in Your Eyes

Your ogre tar spirit
 falling over me,
 your amorphous liquid shadow
 squeezes my mind,
 into the Venusian atmosphere
 during the dawn of
 your acid reign,
 as you burn the night
 straight through me,
 but alas no devil lives here.

You masquerade as a demon
 but as we walk
 hand in hand,
 I see your scars, tears and plans,
 and I see the Divine,
 the sacred Nazarene,
 I see God human again
 and the Beauty of
 my friend,
 before my sentiment,
 enraptured to burning Heaven,
 transported by shining love,
 on the wings of a dove,
 we find Paradise
 in each other's eyes.

Predestined Love

Another way,
a different mode,
a changed frequency burning,
a new form of unity
as old as humankind,
one blazing heart,
one flaming mind,
we're Cupid and Psyche,
eternal Gemini dancing,
spirits intertwined,
friendship that transcends
all
temporal bounds,
one chosen for the other,
love predestined.

Infected

The black cosmic plague of old,
lives
within our brain and DNA,
our soul infected,
like the empty cancerous eyes
of a locust reptilian alien
nephilim.

Purple Grays

Your kind white violence
 kisses me,
drilling through my head
 into my heart,
 pounding
 the nails of
these spacious
 purple grays,
deep past my face,
merging with my spirit,
as you throw me
 away,
washing me in
 blue
acid decay.

Beast of Babylon

It's never satisfied,
until
I give way,
letting it in,
that the unicorn or dragon,
may have their way,
that the chasmatic expanse
may thin,
in all it's vastness,
settling the Beast,
that slays Babylon,
choice is gone,
my voice
drowns,
in helplessness.

Hug me

There are times,
when only your
suffocating
spider silk embrace,
is enough
to kill every pain,
so friend
enfold me
in your arms,
that our sparks may be
entangled,
and I caught and
consumed by your love.

Sonshine

For thirty minutes,
 silk silence with Him
 for half an hour,
 silence
 and I'm in Heaven,
 the sound of a veiled kiss
 resonates,
 as I find delight
 in the Beauty
 of our soul's Lover.

You and I stand
 hand in hand,
 clinging to each other,
 enveloped in the rose heart
 myst of glory,
 two infused
 in love,
 by the Spirit of Friendship,
 a unity of three,
 as it is above
 so it is on Earth,
 and I fall down in worship,
 thankful the Son shines
 through you.

Exiting Eden

An explosion collapses
into boil burning,
late one night
you eat the flaming food,
that you couldn't extinguish,
and it burns
your heart.
You've tasted forbidden fruit,
and visited her garden
once too often.

Adam leaves Eden
and a child is born
of sin,
the serpent lurks
to strike
again.

We're Together

When I'm with you
the world glows,
and the veil falls
away,
the transcendent
drifts in,
and Christ is visible again,
and the hand of heaven
is in mine,
for He has kissed me
His Bride each time
we're together,
be it space, mind or time.

You're there anyway

I look
through some things,
and I find
You,
I'm told it's holy light,
not so on other dates
or in blackened roach hours,
when others can't perceive
your face,
and I'm told I'm impious,
so they say my flesh
has spilled garbage
upon my gaze,
thus I question
whose sanity
was thrown away,
and wonder at
diseased decay
and know
that of coarse
your Spirit
permeates the cosmos
anyway.

When I sin

When I sin,
I fail to let
You,
hold my hand,
so I'm far away
and I can't feel
the dovely comfort
of your touch.

To Burn is Everything

The burning to walk
hand in hand
with You,
through the walls,
of existence,
that block
the sweet incense,
of our our yellow fellowship,
and to kiss You,
with every bit
of ultramarine worship,
such is everything,
and anything
without You,
has no romance,
lacks transcendence,
exists without beauty,
missing mystery,
and meaning.

Down with the goddess

Luna pulls me many ways,
and her image
stands in the temple of grace,
taking place of
Your love letter,
speaking and breathing
with power
disordering
the heavens and Earth.

God let this red mess goddess
leave your Holy of Holies,
let our home be golden,
instead of crimson,
that it shines as the Sun,
so the Queen of Babylon
no longer abides inside,
that confusion
and the moon
are far from me.

Polaris

Until you're here,
I'll stay in the aqueous bosom
of our blue dove,
one with our river of love
that lives
in each of us,
and we three are Polaris,
eternally bound
by the gravity of Spirit.

No Onus or Mirage

Don't call Truth a mirage or weighty onus,
for illusions don't bring life,
magicians don't save,
and millstones sink
without rising.

The illusionary slavery sets us free
to be,
the Dove Incarnate,
a living word
of God's love letter to
the world,
that their life
may be kissed
with kindness from God.

Infernal War

His world shattered,
her mind drained down the cracks,
while ex-lovers brawl
in the Earth.

He does battle with
her soul,
and they consume each other
from afar,
as the lava of time burns,
their heart the bread,
their life the wine,
a unity of brokenness,
all blackness
and sin,
as they
babble
on.

Dying Flowers United

Everything makes you shake,
as if I was
crawling on your skin,
a scorpion
stinging you
with my being.

My self is the venom
that kills us,
you take it in,
no it never satisfies
and blackness lies
in my forehead,
demon am I.

Darkness and light
collide,
I burn inside
from the acid pain,
now the angels cry
and newborn blossoms
die,
together in Heaven,
forever,
united in love,
brought to Life
by the Son.

Lost on a Walk

Escape
in ecstasy,
the jeweled intensity of being,
ruby being,
so I forget
the whirling world,
the clock of my head and
the queen of heaven,
such would be Eden,
but,
I have seven serpents
surrounding me,
blocking my route,
from last time I went.

Now a new path is needed,
not a trippy one,
that only leaves
a hole
in my head,
when I stumble over
writings of a myrrh wolf,
the Illuminati
god spell
of Thomas.

Defaced

Let the teeth
slowly grind through
the skull
letting red flow as
you deface me,
for who I am
might
not matter,
and you
can't deliver
the ruby
puzzle pieces,
for you're just as disfigured
as these twisted nails,
that society
has driven
through my head,
so there's no point
in asking,
that you acknowledge my existence.

Don't bother with the blade,
it would just make
a mess,
my heart is already
all over
the floor.

You Kill and Melt Me

Why do you
always
kill me, and
pour acid
all over me,
walking away
while I'm melting,
leading your life
like you did
nothing ?

The Mark of Cain

You leave
me
wondering,
and I wander
to and fro
in the desert of
confusion,
deserted by you
such a desert is
the whole earth.

I have the mark of Cain,
and all who behold me
stand aloft,
going by
on a different way.

If I had the radiance of Moses,
perhaps,
we'd affectionately shape life,
by the doveliest of spirits,
but still myself
veils no glory.

We Knead Each Other

You've blessed the vine
with the fire of the blood,
the doveliness of spirit
that burns in
your body
your people.

You've blessed the bread
that we may be,
one
vine infused dough,
our soul
kneaded with You,
and each other.

Let the fruit of the vine
consume the loaf,
in a blaze,
that Heaven torches the Earth
as God flames in love,
with us
and we with
each other
setting the world
all ablaze.

My Eden

Heaven Meets Earth,
 and God has kissed us,
 with the ruby trinity of yellow,
 one soul,
 three bodies,
 friend love,
 roses of loveliness,
 a garden of Beauty,
 a paradise Eden,
 to me.

Abiding in Him
 is to live in Love,
 and we share His home,
 such Son kissed communion
 is
 my Heaven and
 Tree of Life.

Kegan

Kegan,
celestial being,
earthling,
purple creature
with wings,
surprises
shall strike forth.

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